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A

FRIEND OF MISSIONS IN INDIA.

THE CYCLOSTYLED INDIAN JOURNAL

OF

REV. HENRY S. LUNN,

B.A., M.D., B.Ch., Trin. Coll. Dub.,

Fellow of the Medical Society of London.

London:

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 14, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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Professor Patterson's speech at the Missionary Committee, April 24, 1890;—"While in India Dr. Lunn wrote a journal. That journal is of great value and of great interest. I was privileged to read certain parts of it. I ask you, Mr. President, to request Dr. Lunn to put before the Committee the whole of his Indian Journal."

Mrs. Champness, in *Joyful News*, May 15, 1890, writes:—"Just about that time, a series of cyclostyled letters written by a young missionary doctor, whose name I had often heard in Lincolnshire, came to our house. At first we hardly knew how they came, or why; but I read them eagerly, hungrily. . . . And now and again the thought came on my mind, 'These ideas will make a stir if they get abroad. This writer is a reformer, and will one day have to smart for his opinions.' . . . And not long afterwards *The Methodist Times* published the series of articles 'A New Missionary Policy,' which have been the cause of so much discussion. To those who had read the Indian journal letters it was easy to identify the writer of the articles, and also to see that, in thus writing, Dr. Lunn was only giving over again the thoughts which had impressed him when in India."

PREFACE.

It is related of the Dutch that on a certain occasion they suspended an engagement in order to supply the enemy with ammunition. The publication of this small book might be considered an equally extraordinary step on my part by those who regard me as an enemy of the Indian missionaries, or them as in any sense my enemies. But I am so confident that time will prove me to be not only "A Friend of Missions," but also of missionaries; and that those old friends of mine who are now arrayed against me will, at no remote date, abandon certain misconceptions about me, that I cheerfully respond to Professor Patterson's request to publish my Indian journal. I do so the more readily because almost every letter affords evidences of the genuineness of that disclaimer which Mr. Hughes and I handed in to the last Conference. In that disclaimer we asserted that we "never intended to reflect in any way on our missionary brethren in India, for whom we cherish a brotherly regard, and in whose earnestness, fidelity, and Christian consistency we have entire confidence."

On the very last page of this journal I wrote, on board the steamer that was carrying me home: "The sub-editor (Mrs. Lunn) and I will always believe, and know assuredly, that there are, coming under that designation (missionary with a wife, a pony carriage, a comfortable bungalow, and £300 a year) many earnest, hard-working, self-denying men, who are doing much to bring in the kingdom of God upon earth, and to lift degraded men nearer God and nearer heaven." These views I have never changed. At the same time I say plainly on page 97 of the journal, when I still expected to remain an Indian missionary: "The great bulk of people will not soon be affected by men as far removed from them socially as my brethren and I are." In that very passage I used the "bishop" illustration which afterwards appeared in my article on "The Evils of a False Position." It would be difficult to furnish a stronger proof that I held and expressed whilst in India views similar to those which I enunciated in the *Methodist Times* of last year. On the question of separation from the natives, several passages occur which show how keenly I realised the social gulf which does exist in many cases between English missionaries and their Indian converts. Amongst these passages I may refer to pages 4, 7, 72, and 82.

On the question of Higher Education, I simply say what Lord Beaconsfield said on a famous

occasion: "I have changed my mind." I went to India after six years of College and University life; I found myself surrounded by men devoted to Higher Education, and for the first eight months of my Indian life I heard scarcely anything on the other side. My conversation with the two Indian Christians, recorded on page 30, is a striking exception to the general influences which surrounded me. The first indication of any serious doubt that we were on the wrong lines in our Education policy occurs on page 107, where I refer to the strong opinion of the Rev. Henry Little, chairman of the Negapatam district, that we were spending too much over the education of the Brahmans, and add, "I think he is quite right." Shortly after this I went to stay with Rev. F. W. Gostick, of Mannargudi, and was his guest whilst he was preparing his article for the Harvest Field, entitled, "Shall we educate the Brahmans?" This article I quoted at length in my first paper on Dr. Duff's policy. With Mr. Gostick's facts and figures before me my confidence in the existing educational policy was rudely shaken. There can, however, be no doubt that on this question my views have been considerably influenced by the evangelistic work of the West London Mission, and the pronounced opinions of my superintendent, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

It now only remains for me to state that the

following pages contain the twelve letters of a journal which I wrote with a cyclostyle, during my residence in India, and of which I sent thirty copies to thirty circles of friends in England. I have omitted certain postscripts addressed to private individuals; some criticisms of the Home administration of missionary affairs, and also some other personal passages, which are equally irrelevant to the present controversy. I have also endeavoured in some few cases to amend the faulty construction of some of the sentences. Should any of my readers be tempted to criticise severely, I hope they will remember that the letters were written in the first place with a cyclostyle, which is an admirable copying process but does not allow of much correction; and they were not intended for publication.

HENRY S. LUNN.

46, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.,
May, 17, 1890.

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS IN INDIA.

LETTER I.

WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE,
ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS,
Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1887.

THIS morning, an hour before breakfast, we sighted India for the first time. It was a lovely morning, scarcely a ripple on the sea, or a cloud in the sky. The many thoughts that filled my mind as I stood on deck were speedily banished by the necessity for packing, in the midst of which a knock came at my cabin door, and opening it, I saw dear Simpson, save his helmet, just as in the old Headingley days. His hearty welcome was very cheering; and with him were Mr. Little and Goudie to increase the heartiness of the reception. We were taken ashore in a stitched boat, from which the men were carried aground on the shoulders of the natives; and Ethel was carried by two of them on a piece of board, embracing the neck of a third for support. On landing, we made our way to the Wesleyan mission house, a delightful place situated in grounds of seven acres extent, which include, besides the mission house, a chapel, a boys' high school of about 150 boys, a

large girls' boarding school, and a bungalow for two lady missionaries. We found our host, Mr. Patterson, and his wife, were particularly delightful people, and we arranged at once with Mr. Little to stay for about three weeks in Madras so as to give me an opportunity of seeing Madras hospital work, and making several purchases and engaging servants, &c.

Thursday, Nov. 17, 1887.—The last two days we have been very busily employed getting unpacked and making purchases. Everything here is ridiculously cheap. Good white suits cost Rs. 3, 12 annas or about 5s. 3d. each. This is in consequence of the cheapness of labour, a man's wages being about one to two rupees a week, and a rupee being only now worth 1s. 5d. We have engaged a superior man as butler and general "boss" of our establishment at Tiruvalur, and he is highly delighted to get ten rupees (14s.) a month, out of which he supports a wife and two children, and finds himself in food and clothes.

Friday.—To-day I began hospital work in earnest, doing an hour at the Eye Infirmary, from 7.30 to 8.30 a.m. and then two hours and a half at the Women's Hospital. Ethel has begun Tamil to-day, her teacher (Munshi is his title) being a very superior native Christian. We have now got our daily programme fixed, and it will be as follows:—6 a.m. early breakfast, 7.10 hospital for me, 7.45 Tamil for Ethel, 8.45 Tamil prayers; 9 a.m. second breakfast; Tiffin at 1.30 p.m. Afternoon tea at 4.30, which is generally followed by an hour's lawn tennis if possible, as this is the best time of the day to get exercise, the necessity of which in India is imperative. Dinner is taken in the cool of the evening at 7.30, and this is followed by evening prayers at 9 p.m. after which it is time for sleep.

Saturday.—I had a grand time at the Eye Infirmary this morning and saw as many operations in an hour as I should

see in Dublin in a month. Dr. Drake-Brockman, the surgeon in charge has extracted more cataracts than any other man now living. This morning I timed him, and he operated on five cases in seventeen minutes. After the operations I had a long talk with him about our work, which he is sure will soon be very considerable. From his place I went to the riding school and arranged to take a course of riding lessons at twenty-five rupees for the course. In view of the hard riding I shall have to do at Tiruvalur on all kinds of steeds this will not be a badly invested five and thirty shillings.

Sunday, Nov. 20, 1887.—As there was no English Wesleyan service at our chapel this morning I took Ethel to early communion at the cathedral. It was a special choral celebration in consequence of the arrival in Madras of a large band of English missioners (not missionaries) who are to go through India holding missions, an idea that Mr. Hughes and Thomas Cook have both entertained, and an experiment which will be watched by all missionaries with very great interest. Ethel and I are going to meet these missioners on Thursday at the Bishop's, when I will write further concerning their plan of operations. The communion service was very beautiful throughout, the only jarring incident to a new comer being the constant motion of the punkahs or large fans to which I alluded on the steamer. These were suspended from the roofs, over all the pews, over the pulpit, and over the communion table, and were pulled by natives outside the building. We have them in nearly all our chapels, and they are really a necessity I suppose; but it seems at first a very comfortable way of worshipping the Deity. In the evening I preached at St. Thomas' Mount for Will Simpson to a congregation mainly of Eurasians.

Tuesday.—After the riding lesson this morning I went to the General Hospital and was shown over the medical side

by Dr. Porter, an Irishman; and over the surgical by Dr. Sibthorpe, the senior surgeon. The cases were many of them identical with those at home, and the treatment on similar lines. I was however very glad indeed to see over the dispensaries, from which I got some capital wrinkles or my dispensary at Tiruvalur; and also some light wicker-work sheds for native wards, which will be very cheaply put up and will answer my purpose admirably.

In the afternoon I went shopping with Ethel, and having found one native shopkeeper (Sashachella Chetty, of the China Bazaar), a Vishnavite, worshipper of Vishnu, and therefore distinguished by two big chalk marks right across his forehead and a red mark between, who did not name prices higher than he meant to take, we bought largely from him, and took him in our carriage to other shops to buy wares which he did not keep. On our return to the mission house, this story caused great amusement, as it is considered very bad form to treat natives as beings of a similar creation at all; and it seems that any Anglo-Indians seeing us taking a native in our carriage (a hired carriage by the way!) would have deemed us mad. This is just a sample of the way the two races regard each other here. The Hindus, having now been for some generations under our rule, and having had thereby created in them an abject respect for the English, treat an Englishman as a superior whose very shoe-lace they are scarcely worthy to tie; and the Englishman returns the compliment by treating the natives as "something better than his dog," but not much. The temptations to give way to these feelings are immense. At every point one is waited on by natives in the most servile fashion. The lowest point I have yet seen reached by the natives, as far as appearance went, was at Ceylon, where (to continue the quotation above) the Englishman finds the native "a little *cheaper* than his horse," and

actually rides in a light gig with a native in the shafts. But to return to this place. Everything here conduces to a national pride of the worst type. The evidences of the power and greatness of England meet one on every side. Mr. Patterson tells me that a statue of the Queen in Madras, which was erected to celebrate the Jubilee, is worshipped by many Hindus; and the reverence for the Queen-Empress by the women of India is very great. They tell their husbands: "Ah, you have a woman over you all!" and they pray that she may be long spared, as they firmly believe that her death would mean a great increase in the tyranny which is now exerted over them by their husbands. I mention this to show how large a place the Queen-Empress fills in the popular imagination. And this exaggerated respect and reverence applies to everything English, missionaries included. The consequence is that nothing but an incessant watchfulness, and a constant conscious reverting to the great Christian principles of equality, justice, and humility, can enable any Englishman to preserve a right demeanour towards the natives.

Thursday, Nov. 24, 1887.—This evening Ethel and I went with Simpson and Mrs. Patterson to the Bishop of Madras's house, where we were invited to tea to meet four missioners (not missionaries) who came out last week in the "Khedive," and are going to conduct a series of mission services through the Presidency. It was a most interesting evening for us, as there were present missionaries of every church—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Bible Society, and our own men; in all about fifty missionaries and their wives. After tea we assembled in the drawing room, and after the singing of a hymn and extempore prayer, the four missioners gave us a brief outline of their programme, and asked the advice of the missionaries.

They all spoke well and briefly and in the most admirable spirit. After they had spoken, representatives of all the missionary societies spoke and advised them as to their line of action. Both Ethel and I were greatly pleased with all we heard. It is a glorious feature of Christian mission work, that out here in the presence of all the evils of these degraded religions, men who bear the name of Christ one and all forget the petty differences which divide them at home, and which do so much to hinder God's work in England. There is only one unfortunate exception, the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," which alone causes a schism here, and hinders that perfect union which would otherwise exist amongst all who bear the name of Christ. The Bishop of Madras is a thorough supporter of the Church Missionary Society, a society which works hand in hand with our men at all points, but which is disliked by the S. P. G. more than are the Nonconformists themselves.

Friday, Nov. 25, 1887.—I called this afternoon with Simpson at the Memorial Hall, and saw Organe of the B. and F. Bible Society, who spoke admirably at the Bishop's last night. He showed us all the warehouses of the B. & F. B. S. They are doing a marvellous and a rapidly increasing work. He says that during the twelve years he has had charge of the Presidency for them, the circulation of the Scriptures has doubled. He knows Tiruvalur well and says we shall have a splendid climate and a grand sphere, only he hopes we shall speedily advance to Kumbakonam, a town a few miles distant, which is at present practically unoccupied and which is the Oxford of South India.

This evening we have had a delightful dinner party of all our Madras missionaries and their wives. There are some very good men amongst them; Patterson, the

acting chairman, is a Fellow and Examiner of Madras University, and Professor at the Christian College. He is a very able all-round man and a most devoted worker, but his health has suffered seriously from the climate. Goudie is the best Tamil scholar in the district at present. He is also a man thoroughly in sympathy with the natives. This may seem a strange comment on any missionary, but it isn't. These two things—a thorough knowledge of the language, and a true understanding of the native mind—appear inseparable; and it seems to me, as a mere onlooker, a very grave question whether the effectiveness of many of our men is not seriously crippled by the present policy of keeping them in the large towns to teach English speaking native children. In this way men live for years in India without knowing the language and without ever getting into touch with the natives. To return to our party. Geden is an Oxford graduate of some considerable distinction, but is more of a scholar than a missionary. He will always remain in school work if he can. Of Ellis I have seen nothing. Whitamore came out with us and has been mentioned before. My old friend of the Headingley days, Will Simpson, is unchanged. His heart is in India, which is more than can yet be said of all of us. He is a born missionary, and inherits his father's great love for this land. With the memory of such a father's life as an ever-abiding stimulus, he will not fail to do good work. Taken all in all they are a fine set of men, and they are doing a good work. It might, perhaps, be interesting if I gave some particulars of the progress made and the work done in the Madras Presidency during the last half century or so. The returns up to 1850 were badly kept and are incomplete. Since then the missions of our society in the Presidency have advanced with a rapidity that has astonished me as I have looked into it for the

purpose of writing this journal.* In 1856 we had eight missionaries and assistant missionaries; this number increased in 1866 to 16, in 1876 to 20, and in 1886 to 21. But with this comparatively small increase of European and native missionaries, the number of catechists and day-school teachers advanced in these decades as follows: 1856, 21 catechists and day-school teachers; 1866, 80; 1876, 181; and 1886, 312. During the same period the native membership rose from 78 in 1856 to 133 in 1866, 252 in 1876, and 750 in 1886; the average English membership during the period being 150. In 1886 the English and native memberships are merged in the returns under one heading, so I have allowed 175 for the English membership in the above numbers. Along with this splendid increase in native membership, there has been a corresponding advance in the number of the scholars attending our Sunday and day schools.* In 1856 we had 114 Sunday scholars; in 1866, 310; in 1876, 712; and in 1886, 2,252. The day scholars during the same years were, in 1856, 579; 1866, 1,417; 1876, 3,526; and in 1886, 5,727. These statistics may not prove very interesting, but they represent the result of many years arduous and successful toil. One point merits special insistence, and that is the progressive ratio of increase. In the thirty years from 1826 to 1856 the native membership only rose from 22 to 79. The next decade showed an increase of over 60 per cent., the next decade of over 90 per cent., and the next decade of 300 per cent. The explanation of this is not far to seek. In those earlier days of missionary toil, the

* When I extracted these figures from the missionary reports, I did not know to how great an extent this apparent increase was due to the employment in our educational work of the converts of other missions. In the Negapatam district, as the Rev. Henry Little, chairman of that district, pointed out in the *Methodist Recorder* last year, out of 410 members of society only 111 were gaining an independent livelihood. The discovery of such facts as these soon robbed me of any satisfaction which I might have obtained from the mere perusal of our missionary reports.

very fewness of the converts made the difficulties of the step from heathenism to Christianity vastly greater, and moreover at that time the Sunday schools and day schools were not imbuing the people with Christian teaching and preparing them for conversion as they are to-day. The consequence is that when Mr. Jenkins visited India two years ago, he said truly to the men here, "Why you have ten converts now for one in my day, and the ten conversions cause less feeling and excitement." Truly we can say, "Our fathers have laboured and we are entering into their labours."

Sunday, Nov. 27, 1887.—This morning Ethel and I went again to the cathedral for the early communion service, as there was no English Wesleyan service in this part of Madras. In the afternoon I had a long talk with a lay agent of the Christian Vernacular Education Society. He lives at Dindigul, where Dr. Chester has carried on a most successful medical mission for many years; and he has visited Tiruvalur, and knows our future home very well. He was a most objectionable source of information as he did his best to prophecy gloomy things, and drew a graphic picture of the immense obstacles I should find in the way of native bigotry, caste rules, and family feuds. Nevertheless, a good deal that he said was more promising than he meant it to be. He says that the neighbourhood is very fairly free from malaria, and that the town is splendidly supplied with water. There is a fine Brahman temple in the town, and the whole neighbourhood is densely populated. He says that Dr. Chester for many years was almost an autocrat at Dindigul, and was supreme in all municipal matters. On Sunday evening I preached at Royapettah to a very mixed audience of natives, Eurasians, aud missionaries.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.—Simpson, Ethel and I went this

evening to an adjoining parish to see a Sivite festival (festival of Siva). Siva or Shiva with Vishnu and Brahma constitute the Hindu triad of supreme deities, which sprang from Brahma, the all-pervading mind. Amongst the philosophic Brahmans, Siva stands for the conception of destruction as the necessary precedent of consequent reproduction in that eternal metamorphosis which is ever going on in nature. More popularly Siva is worshipped merely as the destroyer, and in this character is worshipped by three-fourths of the Tamil-speaking people of Southern India. The Sivites are distinguished from the Vishnavites in appearance by three horizontal marks across the forehead ≡, whilst the Vishnavites' are vertical \|/ Between these two sects there is the bitterest animosity, and discussions as to which is the greater god frequently end in the disputants "Proving their doctrine orthodox, By apostolic blows and knocks." The festival we attended was not a very important affair, and as Tiruvalur will furnish us with many splendid examples of these festivals, I will not give any description now.

Thursday, Dec. 1, 1887.—At dinner to-day we had a visit from Mr. Subramanyam, a Christian native barrister, one of Mr. W. O. Simpson's earliest converts. He belongs to the Brahman caste, and is therefore much fairer in complexion than the low caste native. He is a graduate of Madras University, and a most cultured and gentlemanly man.

Saturday, Dec. 3, 1887.—This evening we (Ethel, Simpson, and I) went to dine at Subramanyam's, and had a most enjoyable evening. Mrs. Subramanyam is a very superior native Christian, the daughter of one of the earliest native Christian ministers. Excepting for a few shades of colour it was difficult to realize that we were not dining with an English gentleman. I found that Subramanyam

was a prominent member of the National Congress which has had two meetings, and which is to hold its third meeting in Madras on the 26th. The object of the Congress is to stimulate a national sentiment for the whole of India, which is at present a conglomeration of nations of the most mixed description, only held together by the tie of the English crown, The Congress is as much as possible elective and representative of the whole of India, and its founders hope that by degrees the Government will bestow upon it administrative powers, and elevate it into a statutory Parliament. There is one great contrast between this movement and the Irish National movement. The bitterness and hatred of England which has so much characterized the Irish movement are almost entirely non-existent here. As Subramanyam said "The very last thing we desire is to be rid of English rule. We cannot do without England for at least two hundred years yet. All we ask is that England will carry out her principles now she has herself educated us into accepting them, and will give us the right to govern ourselves as we develop the ability to do so." These are not the exact words but they are the pith of a long conversation.

To return to the home ; the house was a delightful one, truly Indian in character, surrounded by cocoa-nut palms, mango trees, and all that luxuriant undergrowth which only the tropics can produce. In the centre of the lawn in front of the house, five fountains played in a fish-pool, which was illuminated with lime-light for our benefit. The whole scene when thus lit up was about as like fairyland or the Arabian Nights as could possibly be imagined.

After dinner we went to a most remarkable gathering at the house of Doctor Jesudasan, one of the three M.D.'s of Madras University, who, strange to say, are all Christians. We formed part of a small party invited to meet the

Church missionaries. Besides Subramanyam, his wife and ourselves, there were present about four Europeans and about twenty prominent Hindus or native Christians. Amongst the Hindus were Sir Madava Rao, late premier of Travancore, and Governor of Baroda during the imprisonment of the Gaekwar; a prominent Vakil (barrister-solicitor) called Aňanda Charlu, who is the secretary and one of the leading spirits in the National Congress; Bashyer Ayengar, a Vakil and Professor of Law in the Presidency College; and Sashaiyer Shastri Professor of Sanscrit in the Presidency College. These four are all Brahmans. There was also present Dr. Pulney Andy, the founder of the new Christian National Church of India, which is an attempt to found a Christian Society, independent of any European assistance, a praiseworthy attempt, but one which does not seem likely to succeed at present. Mr. F—— and Mr. H—— were present, but did not make much use of the splendid opportunity. Mr. F—— gave a short address of twenty minutes or less, in which he apologized twenty times for intruding his beliefs upon this social gathering, but he did not say anything which would not have done equally for an address at an English prayer meeting. Our party all came away feeling that the evening had not resulted in much that would leave permanent traces on any present. As this letter has now exceeded my intended limits, I will pause here.

NOTE.--As various missionary advocates have asserted that "Dr. Lunn lived for six months on brother missionaries," it is necessary to reprint the *Methodist Times'* note of June 13, 1889, on Mr. Hartley's speech: "Indian missionaries are frequently obliged, for the sake of health, to stay for some time in one another's houses; and there is a wise and universally recognised rule that in such cases each visitor shall pay fourty-five rupees a month for board. When Dr. and Mrs. Lunn stayed at another missionary's house, they paid ninety rupees a month, that is, £6 5s. We should add that Dr. and Mrs. Lunn took their own servants, and of course, bore the entire cost o maintaining them.

LETTER II.

WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE,
ROYAPETTAH,
MADRAS,
Sunday, December, 4, 1887.

THIS morning I preached for Patterson at Goudie's Church, at St. Thomas' Mount, at 7 a.m. In the evening I preached for Whitamore at Blacktown Church, and administered the Communion afterwards.

Monday.—Mrs. Subramanyam drove Ethel this morning to the R.C. Convent and introduced her to the Irish Lady Superior, who, strange to say, proved to be a Miss Moore. I drove over to bring her away, and found that they had had a most delightful hour together in the exchange of Fenian sentiments! ! ! Mother Ignatius, to give her the convent name, has now been five-and-twenty years in India, but she still retains all the intensity of her patriotism undiminished, and she is a sample of her race. And yet Chamberlain thinks that a good Land Bill would settle the Irish Question. Men who talk in this fashion may do for Mayors of Birmingham, but they don't know the Irish people.

Tuesday.—I went to call this morning on Subramanyam to see the toddy extracted from the cocoa nut trees in his plantation. It was a most interesting proceeding. The servants of the native dealers, who rent the trees, climb the trees night and morning, and fix a chatty or earthenware vessel around the end of the wounded bud of a cocoa nut blossom. During the next twelve hours the juice which

would feed the young cocoa nuts, if the bud were unwounded, runs into the vessel, and is removed at the next climbing. When removed it is already slightly fermented, and after being kept twelve hours is decidedly alcoholic. On every tree thus tapped a license is paid to Government, but nothing is paid for trees which are only used for growing nuts.

After seeing this done I had a long talk with Subramanyam on the Indian National Congress. I found him very anxious to introduce me to some of the leaders in the Indian movement. Accordingly I arranged to call for him at the High Court in the afternoon, and go to meet some of his friends, as the opportunity was one not to be lightly missed. In the interim, I read as much of the proceedings of the two last congresses as I possibly could, and had a long conversation with Patterson, who has considerable hopes from the movement, but at the same time is keenly alive to its weaknesses. Thus supplied with a quiver full of criticisms, I went to Subramanyam's, and thence to the Office of the "Hindu," the leading Indian National paper in Madras. Here we had a two hours' interview with the Editor, G. Subramania Iyer, a very able Brahman; the Sub-Editor, whose name I forget just now; Ananda Charlu, the secretary of the movement, and a leading barrister solicitor; Pulney Andy the founder of the National Christian Church, and two other prominent Vakils, whose names I forget. I found that they expected me to do the talking first, so I hurled Patterson's objections and criticisms at them, with the admirable result of eliciting a most capital conversation, and expression of their views. Having learned all I could, I returned to Royapettah, laden with pamphlets, and sat up into the small hours of the morning digesting these, and writing an article on them for the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

of a popular constituency to choose representatives for any National assembly; 2nd, The inability of the movement to grapple with the grave social questions of Indian life, because on all such questions the Congress is deeply and bitterly divided. 3rd, The lack of any common bond of interest beyond that which comes from a general spirit of opposition to centralized government. The value of the movement consists in, 1st, The bond of fellowship, and common nationality, which it is creating between the diverse races, and geographically widely separated peoples, of this great Indian Empire; 2nd, The way in which it is educating the leading men of India to take an interest in public affairs; 3rd, The tendency which all such movements must inevitably have to spread Western ideas, and to shorten the reign of caste. Altogether I was very pleased with my interview with these men, and should like very much to accept their invitation to come up to Madras again for the Congress.

Thursday.—We were to have left Madras this morning at 7 a.m. but a heavy rain prevented us leaving before noon. Our stay in Madras has been a most delightful experience and has given us a very pleasant first-glimpse of missionary life. We have received the greatest possible kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, and all the Madras friends, and shall have none but pleasant memories of these first weeks in India. Our first resting place after leaving Madras was to be Arcot, a town 65 miles distant, of 60,000 inhabitants. We were seven hours traversing this distance. Our object in calling at Arcot was to see the medical work carried on by the American Presbyterian Mission. We had been invited to stay with Dr. Heckhuis, the medical officer of the mission, and he gave us a very hearty welcome after our long journey.

Friday.—Before breakfast this morning, Ethel and I

accompanied Dr. Heckhuis and Mrs. Conklin, the latter the wife of another missionary, to the mission hospital. It was originally built by Government for military purposes, when Arcot was occupied by troops, and is still entirely supported by Government, the Missionary Society only paying Dr. Heckhuis's salary. This mission was originally established by the Scudder family, a name illustrious in the roll of Indian missionaries, and the mission has done and is still doing a great work, although the number of patients has fallen off somewhat owing to the establishment in every direction of Government dispensaries. Perhaps the most successful part of the medical mission was the lying-in hospital, where upwards of seventy cases are treated annually, and as the native women are very reluctant to call in the aid of European doctors, fully one third of these cases were such as could only have been properly treated by European methods, and many a mother and many a child are to-day alive and well who must otherwise have perished miserably.

Dr. Heckhuis said that the difficulty preventing the greater success of Indian medical missions was the number of Government dispensaries, but these are not very abundant in the Tanjore district.* After seeing the hospital we went to the mission schools, where we listened to three teachers. The first was training a number of young men for the ministry, and was examining them, in Tamil, on the authenticity and doctrine of Romans. The second was examining a number of boys on English words, their synonyms, and their Tamil equivalents. The third was questioning his class on the Book of Esther, in English, and some of their answers would have been beyond the ability of a good many Trinity or Headingley divinity

* This I afterwards found to be a great mistake.

students. We both were very pleased with all we saw at this place.

Dr. Heckhuis told us two stories worth recording. At a place on the Nilghiris, they had a small mission worked by a very able catechist, who unfortunately gave way to drink and compelled them to expel him. No sooner was he expelled than a High Church chaplain secured his services to create a division at the above place, and detach half the communicants from the Presbyterians, whom he styled "Emissaries of the Devil." Shortly afterwards he was succeeded by an Evangelical clergyman, of a different type altogether, who, on hearing the facts of the case from Dr. Heckhuis promised him that he would do his best to heal the schism. He came back, however, to Heckhuis, and said the attempt was hopeless, as his predecessor had made each one of his proselytes stand before the altar, and lift up his right hand and swear never again to enter a dissenting place of worship.

The other story which Heckhuis told us was of a different type altogether. He is of opinion that the salt tax is a very grievous burden to the poor people, and is inflicted with much needless severity. If a poor man is found giving earth taken off his own land to his own cattle, and containing salt, he is at once imprisoned. One day a zealous young salt commissioner, who did not know much Tamil, met an old woman carrying dust in a chatty. He tasted it, and at once declared that it contained salt. The old dame protested something very vigorously in Tamil, which the commissioner failed to comprehend, and, in spite of all she could say, he insisted on her arrest, when he discovered to his dismay that the dust he had tasted and declared to contain salt, was the ashes of the old woman's departed husband. This commissioner is now known everywhere as the man who ordered a widow

to be arrested for carrying the ashes of her departed spouse.

We left Arcot by the night mail for Karur, and slept very comfortably in the second-class sleeping-berths. About six o'clock in the morning we stopped at Erode and had breakfast, which was as cheap as everything else in this country—tea, bread, and butter, and two poached eggs and toast for sixpence. After this cheering meal we resumed our journey to Karur, which we reached at 10 a.m. Mr. Little met us at the station with his carriage and pair (of bullocks). The animals drew us in great style to the mission house, a most comfortable place, surrounded by a lovely tropical garden. After a second and most substantial breakfast, I went with Mr. Little to see over the missionary premises, which are very extensive, and comprise two missionary bungalows, Mr. Little's and Woodward's, a young missionary who came out twelve months since, and has already preached eight Tamil sermons. In addition to the bungalows, there are a chapel, a school, a large orphanage (of which more anon), a rope factory, a carpenter's shop, a blacksmith's shop, a factory for cane mats and boxes, and several improved looms for cloth weaving.

The orphanage sprang into existence ten years ago during the terrible famine of 1877. At this time we opened four orphanages in different parts of the Presidency, but the Karur Orphanage is the only one which survives. It now contains over 150 orphans, who are rapidly growing up into manhood and womanhood. They have all been baptized into the Christian Church, and as they grow up are voluntarily adopting the Christian faith as the guide of their lives. In only one or two cases has strong discipline been necessary, and the conduct of the boys and girls as a whole is most pleasing, and reflects

the highest credit on their training by Mr. and Mrs. Little. Mr. Little, with wise forethought, has endeavoured to give each child such a training as will enable them to earn an honest and independent livelihood. This is the meaning of all the factories which I have mentioned as existing on the mission premises. The boys who entered the home as destitute, starving orphans, leave it trained farmers, blacksmiths, weavers, carpenters, &c. It is little wonder that those who have had so practical an example of Christian benevolence as this, should be willing to embrace the religion to which they owe everything.

Sunday.—This morning Ethel and I attended the Tamil service, and were greatly pleased. There was a most attentive congregation of about 225. The service was a translation of the Book of Common Prayer, and the natives joined most heartily in the General Confession, the General Thanksgiving, and the other responses. The service was specially interesting from the fact that there were two baptisms, one of which was the child of two of the married orphans, and also seven couples of these orphans had their banns published for the first time. The seven future brides were all present, sitting on the ground with the rest of the girls, but distinguished from them by a wreath of yellow chrysanthemums twined in the back of their hair. They were a very bonnie set of girls, and behaved much better than some of their European sisters would have done under like circumstances. There was no giggling on the part of their companions, and the elect ones hung their heads in the most modest fashion as each one's name was read out. The history of some of these orphans is most interesting. One of the bridegrooms-elect was picked up by Mr. Little under the following circumstances :—In the very height of the famine this poor boy, half starved, was picking up the grains of rice

as they fell from some bags which were being carried from the street into a store, and was eagerly devouring the few grains when a man came out and kicked the boy furiously on the head, cut his forehead open, and knocked him over into the ditch. Mr. Little picked the boy up and carried him home, and then went back hoping to find his assailant and thrash him, but failed to discover him. The boy will still wear the scar on his wedding day. His bride was found by Mr. Little at the very point of death, with a father, mother, elder sister, and baby sister, who all died a short time after Mr. Little found them. Such are two of the histories out of the many and strange tales of that terrible famine. If our people at home could only have seen those children as they went through the service, they would readily respond to Mr. Little's next appeal in the Methodist papers.

We left Karur on Monday morning after a most enjoyable stay. Our journey to Negapatam was very slow but not tedious. The whole distance travelled was only 118 miles, and took 11 hours traversing; but as we had half a Pullman carriage to ourselves and could read and write easily, when the country was monotonous, the journey was soon over. Travelling here is very cheap. Our second-class tickets cost $\frac{1}{2}$d. a mile (half-anna), whilst our servant travelled third class, six miles for an anna (about $1\frac{1}{10}$d.)

Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1887.—This morning we went with Findlay, who is our host, over his high schools. He has 280 boys under his care, and has a large matriculation and a large first B.A. class. His boys are largely Brahmans, and are very firmly wedded to Hinduism. Nevertheless, none leave his school without being greatly broadened by the teaching there. Findlay is content to go on patiently, year by year, leavening the minds of these young educated

Hindus with Christian teaching, and thus steadily undermining the superstition which has hitherto dominated them, without seeing much apparent fruit for his toil. It is a noble work, but requires a man of illimitable patience and unfaltering faith. During his five years here, Findlay has sent out from his college hundreds of boys nominally heathen, but really almost entirely freed from the degrading superstitions of their fathers. During the last year or two a remarkable movement has sprung up spontaneously amongst his boys. It is called the "Sanmargha Sabha" or "Society of the Way of Holiness," and has for its objects—(*a*) Personal virtue and love to God amongst its members; (*b*) the well-being of the community." The society was commenced by some of the boys after hearing Findlay describe the Methodist class-meeting, and, imitating that institution, the society holds its meetings weekly. At each meeting every member contributes a small sum to be used for the well-being of the community and a list of virtues is read over, and each member states to what extent he has been enabled to manifest those virtues in the course of the week just past. Such in brief is one of the many results of earnest mission work which no schedules can tabulate, but which are doing much to change the national character of the people of India. This movement, which began at Negapatam, is now spreading rapidly through the other high schools of Southern India.

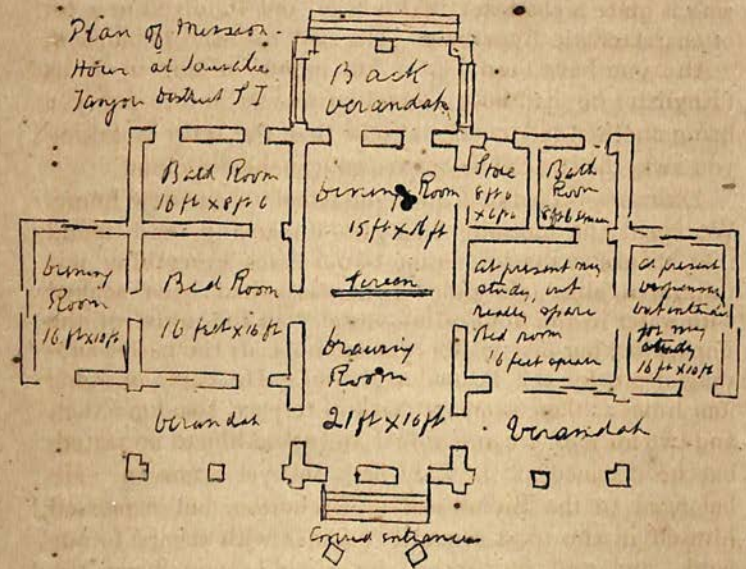
Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1877.—A memorable day for me. This morning Mr. Thompson, the Negapatam superintendent, and until now the superintendent also of Tiruvalur, came over with me to show me my new home. In the train we had a long talk about mission work, and agreed in a wholesale condemnation of those returned missionaries who could find no better apologetic for the

missions of to-day than some wretched little jokes about the bad English spoken by natives, or their experiences of sea-sickness or other stories of such ilk, when the mission work is really making such great advances. Mr Thompson said that when he came to Negapatam ten years ago, soon after his arrival a Brahman youth, who had never been in our schools, was led by the preaching of one of our catechists to seek baptism. Mr. Barley and Mr. Thompson conducted the baptismal service with the chapel surrounded by an angry mob, and such was the indignation of the people, that within one week the number of scholars attending the high school declined from 320 to 120. Now note the contrast. Two years ago a young Brahman, named Narrainasawmy, attending Mr. Findlay's school, came forward and said that he wished to be a Christian. His father heard of it, and confined him for five days in a dark room without food, and after that kept him under close watch. At last, however, he escaped, and made his way to Mr. Findlay's, who, with Mr. Thompson, at once took him to the chapel and baptized him. Mr. Thompson said to him after the baptism, "Well, Narrainasawmy, you had better stay with me all night," to which he replied at once, "No, I must go home and confess Christ before my friends." And home he went only to be driven forth as a disgraceful outcast by his father and friends. Now comes the contrast. Though this boy belonged to Mr. Findlay's school, not a single scholar left, and instead of the missionaries being pelted with mud in the public streets, as they were after the previous baptism, there was not a single sign of disapproval on the part of the people. With such stories of progress did Mr. Thompson cheer me as we neared my future sphere of work.

Tiruvalur is a very good specimen of an Indian town,

and possesses a gorgeous temple, and a splendid water tank, but all these must be described in a later letter, as this chapter is growing too fast. I devote the next page to a plan of our bungalow. It is very compact and comfortable, but small compared with the other mission houses we have been in. The rooms, however, are all very lofty, 15 to 16 feet high, and the large verandahs, the pillars of which only are marked in the plan, will be very comfortable in the hot weather. The dining-room and drawing-room are really one long room, 36 feet by 16 feet, 16 feet high, divided in the centre by a movable screen 8 feet high, thus allowing a free current of air to pass through the two rooms. To my great delight and no small surprise, I found that the two words "Medical Evangelist" which appear in the Minutes of Conference along with my name represent a great reality in the shape of a fully qualified Christian apothecary with seventeen years' experience of medical mission work, whom Mr. Little engaged last April, to begin the work here and get things in order before I came. He has been using my study as a dispensary, and has a very fairly assorted supply of drugs, and already has from ten to fifteen patients a day. His name is Crane, and he was trained at the American Medical Mission at Madura. We pay him thirty rupees a month (about 42s.) and with this he is quite content. To find him here in full work was an indescribable relief to us. In addition to his medical qualifications he has been Munshi or Tamil teacher for twelve months and will be very useful to me in acquiring the language.

After Mr. Thompson and I had arranged sundry matters about the house, we had a walk round the town, the temple and the tank, and saw the Government dispensary. We then returned to Negapatam and were seen off at


Plan of Missions House at Sawbee Tanjore District S I
Back Verandah
Bath Room 16ft x 8ft 6
Dressing Room 15ft x 8ft
Store 6ft 6 x 6ft
Bath Room 6ft 6 x 6ft
Dressing Room 16ft x 10ft
Bed Room 16 feet x 16 ft
Terrace
At present my study, but readily spare Bed room 16 feet square
At present Dispensary but entirely for my study 16ft x 10ft
Verandah
Dressing Room 21ft x 16ft
Verandah
Ground entrance

Front Elevation

the station by a small crowd including my dispenser, two or three school-masters (I forgot to mention that we visited our three girls' schools, more of which anon), also the carpenter who is quite a character in his way, and indulged in a bit of characteristic hyperbole. He said to Mr. Thompson, "Ah! you have been like a full moon shining upon us (English: he had been a good customer) and to-day you bring another full moon, but now that the train is taking you away the two full moons are going behind a cloud.

Thursday.—To-day I brought Ethel to our new home. We spent the morning busily in unpacking, and found that, thanks to the zinc lining of our cases, everything was uninjured, although some of the cases had been soaked with water in the hold of the vessel. In the midst of the unpacking, our first visitor was announced: the native sub-magistrate for the Tiruvalur district. He came bringing four limes as the customary mark of respect, two for Ethel, and two for me. I came in first and asked him to be seated, but he declined as the lady had not yet come in. He belonged to the Sivite sect of Brahmans, but expressed himself in the most friendly manner with regard to our work, and said he hoped we should soon have the Government dispensary, as he thought we should be kind to the poor people. As this letter has grown so rapidly I will conclude it here, only adding that after the first few letters it is only my intention to send one letter a month, and that one shorter than this.

LETTER III

TIRUVALUR, TANJORE DISTRICT,
SOUTH INDIA.
Friday, December 16, 1887.

TO-DAY is our second day in our new home. We have been busily engaged in unpacking most of the day, but suspended our work for a short time to go and witness the inspection of one of our three girls' schools by the Government Examiner. This school is situated close by the sacred tank, and is the largest of our three Tiruvalur girls' schools, having about seventy girls on the books. There are one hundred and fifty in the three schools. This is a new feature entirely in Indian life, as until recently Hindu girls and women have been absolutely uneducated. Even now they are only allowed to come to school until they are about eleven, as they assume their duties as wives soon after this age, having been married in their infancy, and they are frequently mothers before they are fourteen. The children were got up in great style for the inspection, and several of them had a least a hundred pounds worth of gold and precious stones adorning their hair, their necks, noses and ears, and their girdles. The examination consisted of a wide range of subjects from the alphabet to geography, from sewing to singing. The examiner was a very superior native Christian, the son of a native minister.

Saturday.—We completed our servants for the house to-day by engaging a woman as cook's assistant. Her engagement led to an amusing incident. The butler brought her into the room to be her interpreter, and when

we had engaged her we said "good evening," but she retreated from the room without the customary "salaam" to the great indignation of the butler, who said at once with a tone of infinite scorn, "She can only be a jungle woman" and immediately went after her to bring her back again. Then followed a great mimic show, as the cook instructed her how to made the salaam correctly, behind the screen which separates the dining and drawing rooms, and their shadows were thrown on the wall for our benefit, by the lamp on the other side of the dining room. At last having learned the lesson correctly, she came in and made a salaam which somewhat relaxed the lines of contemptuous severity on the butler's face.

Sunday, Dec. 18, 1887.—This morning at 8.30. a.m. we had our first service in Tiruvalur. It was held in our drawing room and was conducted by Solomon the catechist. There were about eighteen native Christians present, and several of the native heathen stood outside in the verandah and listened. He read a translation of the morning service and preached a sermon of which the brevity was admirable. I cannot say much of its other merits, as I did not understand a word of it.

Tuesday.—We left Tiruvalur at six this morning for the annual District (Diocesan) Meeting at Mannargudi. We were all the guests of Rev. F. W. Gostick, who is the superintendant of this station, and together with Thomas has charge of a large high school here. Mannargudi does not differ much from Tiruvalur excepting in the fact that it is much larger. It has a very large temple, and large sacred tanks. It is about nine miles from the railway station, and this distance is travelled in about an hour and a half in Gostick's bandy, drawn by a splendid pair of bullocks. The District Meeting held its sessions in one of the school rooms.

Friday.—The first half of the District Meeting, viz :—that in which the European missionaries only assemble, has finished to-day. In spite of the fact that Mr. Bolter of Trichinopoly is unexpectedly compelled to return home by the condition of his wife's health, the grant sent by the Mission House is £150 below the budgeted expense for the European section of this district. This is a most unbusiness-like proceeding on the part of the committee at home, as it simply means that native work will be cut down and the district crippled in its work. If the depression of trade at home so decreases the subscriptions as to compel retrenchment, it would be infinitely wiser to withdraw from one entire district, say Benares or Bombay, and show the people at home what reduced subscriptions mean rather than hide the fact by attenuating the strength of all the districts.

Saturday.—We heard to-day the sad news that during our absence at the District Meeting one of the best native Christians in this circuit John Appusawmy, a teacher in our school at Kodeïvasal, fifteen miles away had died of cholera. During the day I had my first patient out of dispensary hours. A man came in great terror, saying "Cholera, cholera," This was all the English he knew, and my Tamil is yet in its earliest infancy, so I gave him some medicine and told him to come again at three.

Christmas Day,—Sunday.—The man referred to above came again this morning to say that the child who was ill of cholera yesterday is better to-day, but that another child is ill. It is probable that now we have begun with cholera, we shall have it around us for the next two months, but it depends so much upon the bad hygienic surroundings of the natives, that it is not a serious danger to Europeans. The natives fear it very much. Our Christmas Day is proving a very dull one. Mr. Crane the medical evan-

gelist conducted the morning service, and we had a rather better congregation than last week. with several more native heathen in the verandah. After the Tamil Service, I read the English Communion Service and administered the Communion to our members all of whom, save two, speak some English. It began to rain about 11 o'clock, and has been pouring down ever since in a fashion unknown in England and Ireland.

Ethel has been giving me her mind to-day on the question of the servants' houses. The conversation arose from our butler telling us that his wife and the cook's would both be coming over soon and he wanted us to get "Go-downs," as they are called, built for them. These are usually the most wretched homes conceivable, and this the sub-editor* of this journal is determined to change so far as our servants are concerned. I mildly suggested that we should get Mr.—— another missionary, to give orders for their erection. Whereupon I was told to do no such thing, it was abominable of us as missionaries to live in such splendid houses, and put servants in such hovels. As for the argument that the other natives lived in similar houses, when Lord Midleton built his model cottages at Midleton, he might just as well have said "Don't the Irish all live in huts, why should I be the first to change all this." Before this flood of eloquence I bowed meekly and mildly suggested that the cook should have our spare bed-room, but ultimately promised to build small palaces for the butler, the cook and the groom.

Tuesday December 26, 1889.—To-day I am writing in the train on my way to Madras. On Friday last I received an urgent letter from Mr. Subramanyam urging me to accept his invitation given in Madras to come up for the third

*As numerous references occur to the Sub-editor, it may be well to say that Mrs Lunn fulfilled the duties of that post.

annual Congress of the National Indian Union. He said that it would not only be an opportunity of seeing and hearing some of the greatest living Hindus, but would also greatly help on my work by enabling him to introduce me to some of the chief men of my district. As Mr. Little, Findlay and Thompson all heartily concurred in thinking that it was a great opportunity which I ought not to miss and as Mrs. Thompson offered to entertain Ethel during my absence I decided to go. Yesterday after taking Ethel to Mrs. Thompson's, I left Negapatam at 9.30. a.m. and shall reach Madras at 5.50. p.m. to-night a distance of 265 miles, the fare for which second class is only 11s. 6d., or about a half-penny a mile. I reached Tanjore at 2 a.m. and on changing trains I got into the carriage with two native gentlemen, who fortunately proved to be most interesting companions. One of them G. S. Appusawmy was a Christian delegate from Tinnevelly to the National Congress, a Vakil (barrister-solicitor) and an Episcopalian. The other was also a Christian, being a Government official of the Revenue department, by name Pinto, a Roman Catholic from the West Coast and a friend of Appusawmy. I asked them to give me their candid opinion of the progress or otherwise of Christian missions. They both seemed to think that the number of native Christians was largely on the increase, but that this increase was more from internal growth than from external accretions. "You see," they said, "there is nothing to hinder and everything to encourage the rapid increase of Christians by natural causes, as they are all wiser, better educated and more thrifty than their heathen neighbours, and besides all this by their connection with the different missions they are practically insured against the ravages of famine." They said also that the difficulties in the way of a man becoming a Christian were much less than in former years.

At the same time Mr. Pinto went on to say that in his opinion there was a strong tendency on the part of educated Hindus to stand much more firmly than before by the religion of their fathers. He said, "You in your Christian colleges and your high schools teach them the facts of your religious history, without imbuing them with the spirit of Christian teaching. You cast your pearls before the pigs and they turn again and rend you. They go on in your schools and colleges to read Spenser, Bain and Mill, and they say 'these are not children, they are grown up and they don't believe in Christianity, neither will we. You tell us our religion is absurd; not more absurd than that a fish should carry a man to his port. If wrong practices have grown up in our religion we will repudiate them and return to the truths of the Vedas.' Then," he said, "because they are armed with a double barrelled gun of the facts of your religious history and the teaching of their owner's sacred writings, they are too much for the missionaries, who are at best only one sided men, and one barrelled and only know the facts of their own religion." This was a pretty strong indictment, not of Christianity, for both men were Christians and believed that Christianity must one day prevail, but of our modern methods of devoting all our missionary energies to education, methods adopted by Protestants and Catholics alike. As Appusawmy said, "In former days men were won by the enthusiasm of the missionaries, to-day that enthusiasm is spent in semi-secular education and pastoral work."

We reached Madras at 6 p.m. and Will Simpson met us at the station and drove me at once to Royapettah, where I found Patterson engaged in the throes of a conflict with the powers that be at Bishopsgate-steeet. . . . . This present complication has arisen from an attempt to

retrench in the matter of grants without reducing the amount of ground covered. An attempt which must end in chaos.

I found an invitation awaiting me to go with Mrs. Patterson and Simpson to dine at Subramanyam's. On our arrival there we found that the company comprised a Christian delegate to the Congress, a Brahma Somaj delegate from Calcutta named Dr. Bose, and his wife; and a Manchester Liberal Unionist barrister, named Heywood, whom I discovered to my astonishment to have spent an afternoon at Bray with Morgan, M.P. for Battersea, Crook, John O'Leary Oldham, Taylor and myself. He was more surprised than I at such an unexpected meeting.

Wednesday, Dec. 28.—I received a telegram from the *Pall Mall Gazette* this morning in reply to a letter of mine, asking me to post an account of the Congress. On the strength of this telegram I was at once installed in a seat at the Press table, and had a splendid place all through the Congress for hearing the debates. It was indeed a marvellous assembly. There were gathered together representatives of all the many nations that comprise the great Indian Empire, and of all the many classes and castes which compose the different races. In front of the platform sat the Bengalee Babus, the most cultured and Europeanised part of the Congress. They were dressed in black coats, cut in a semi-clerical fashion, and wore orthodox trousers and shoes or boots. In complexion many of them were scarcely darker than an Italian, and the contour of their features was decidedly of the Indo-European type. To the right of the platform sat the men of the Punjaub and the North-West provinces. They were dressed in truly oriental style, with many-coloured turbans, and some of them with very richly embroidered dresses cut in native fashion. To the left

sat the Bombay representatives also attired in genuine Indian garb. Behind and between their visitors sat the men of this Presidency, dressed generally in native style, but some of the native Christians wore English suits. Amongst these delegates the Tamil type of face with aquiline noses and the other Dravidian features prevailed. The gathering of delegates numbered 700 and they were surrounded by 2,000 spectators. It was a sight to inspire any Englishman as he realized that this wonderful concourse had been rendered a possibility by the blessings of English rule.

I had a very hard time of it to-day, as I had to write a full account of yesterday's proceeding for this afternoon's English mail, and at the same time to listen to to-day's debate. By a very considerable rush I succeeded in finishing my first article just in time to drive down to the General Post Office before the mail started.

To-day's debate produced some remarkable speaking. I never heard a much more eloquent speech than that delivered by Surendra Nath Bannerjee of Calcutta. He was speaking in favour of the extension of representative institutions to India, and roused the Congress to immense enthusiasm as he spoke of the differences of generations being forgotten, the dreams of ages being about to be realized. I have not room here for many extracts, but I am sure that any English audience would have been astonished if they could have heard these Hindus speaking English, and pleading their case with the arguments and teaching of our greatest thinkers and writers, with a force and a fluency which many of our legislators at Westminster would strive in vain to emulate. I left the Congress feeling that the movement cannot fail to have a mighty influence for good or ill upon the future of India.

Thursday, Dec. 29, 1887.—To-day has been one of the most remarkable days I ever passed, crowded with unique experiences, and full of opportunities of learning much about very different phases of Indian life. At seven o'clock Simpson and I went to a conference of native Christians. Rev. W. T. Satthianathan, a native clergyman of the Church Missionary Society, took the chair. The subject for discussion was "How to make native churches self-supporting?" The debate was opened by a paper by Venkataramiah, the nephew of Mr. Subramanyam. He held that the great obstacles to the growth of self-supporting churches were, (1st.) the poverty of many of the converts, resulting from sacrifices they have made in embracing Christianity; (2nd.) the indifferentism of rich converts, arising from the small share the laity are allowed in the administration of the church; (3rd.) the fewness of the members in each church. This paper was followed by an admirable discussion in which Christians from each Presidency took part. After three hours or so at this conference, Simpson and I returned to Royapettah for late breakfast.

At twelve o'clock we returned to the National Congress. To-day's proceedings were commenced by Mr. Subramanyam, who made a most able speech in support of a resolution of a purely administrative nature. During the debate I took voluminous notes, and also wrote an article for the *Methodist Times* on the morning meeting.

At four o'clock we returned to Royapettah for tea, and then went to the Evangelistic Hall to attend a demonstration of the Salvation Army. They are doing a marvellous work, or I should rather say making a remarkable attempt to win India. They are sending English lads and lassies out here by fifties; immediately on landing they adopt native dress and native habits. This is no mere joke or

whim. It means walking bare-foot on burning roads dressed in a single cloth wrapped round the whole body and wearing a warm turban as a protection against the sun, instead of our light pith helmets. Moreover it means sleeping on mats with no punkahs or mosquito curtains to make sleep possible in the hot weather. It means living almost entirely on rice at an expense of 2s. 6d. a week each. This is being a missionary with a vengeance, and I must say that our snug little band of missionaries present at this meeting looked decidedly too well fed, &c., especially H. S. L., as compared with these men and women. There is a good deal about the movement that is very doubtful, as for instance Commissioner Tucker's way of marching along, as we saw him to-day, under a canopy supported by four men, dressed like a Hindu Fakir or Dervish, and preceded by a huge banner on which was inscribed—"To-night at 6 p.m., Commissioner Fakir Sing (Tucker)." Fakir Sing is the name he has adopted. Moreover their plan of marking three small horizontal lines on the forehead just over the nose—one black, to signify sin; red, the blood of our Lord; gold, glory,—is an imitation of the marks of the Sivites and Vishnavites, which is too much a "becoming all things to all men." Nevertheless one could not help remembering that Tucker had given up an income of £800 a year in the Indian Civil Service, and that he and all the band who accompanied him were not spending more than the income of one Wesleyan or Anglican missionary. The chairman was one of the ablest orators of the National Congress, and I believe a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Calcutta. His name is Kali Charan Bannerjee, and he is one of the first barristers in Bengal. I had met him twice during the day, so he asked me to open the proceedings of the meeting with prayer, which I did. Unfortunately we had promised to

dine at Subramanyam's, so that before Tucker had been speaking ten minutes we had to leave. All who are interested in the mission work are anxiously watching the Salvation Army experiment. The first question is whether they will gain influence or lose it by thus adopting native habits, and a second and equally important question is whether Europeans can possibly live under such conditions. Tucker's wife was one of the first martyrs to the conditions named above, and time will show how large a percentage will fall as she fell.

We had a very interesting party at Subramanyam's. Amongst the guests was Babu Ram Chandra Bose, a Methodist Episcopal Minister from Lucknow, whom I had heard lecture in Dublin, and with whom I breakfasted at Mr. McMullen's about three years since. It was 9.30 p.m. before dinner was over, and immediately after dinner we went to a most remarkable gathering in the demesne of Mr. Eardly Norton, a prominent barrister, who is a thorough philo-native, and a hearty sympathiser with and a delegate tothe Congress. All the members of the Congress were invited by him to a kind of conversazione. It was a wonderful assembly; the Rajah Rumpal Sing, in his full court dress, mixing freely with the Mohammedan President of this Congress, the English visitors for the evening, and all the other creeds and nationalities represented.

Mr. Norton's grounds covered many acres and were all lit up with tiny oil lamps, whilst brilliant lime lights lit up the front of the house. During the evening Subramanyam introduced me to the Munsiff (Civil Judge) of Tiruvalur, and to the leading barrister of Tanjore, and told them I thought of delivering a course of lectures at Kumbakonam; commencing with one on "The Englishman's opinion of the National Congress." This I intend to follow with one on "What think ye of Christ?" I shall then alternate

religious lectures with lectures on social, literary, and other subjects. They took up the idea most enthusiastically, and promised me an audience of educated Hindus for my first lecture (which I shall give in January) of not less than a thousand. Subramanyam is very hopeful that I shall have equally large audiences for my later lectures. Kumbakonam is a large educational centre for Southern India. It is a town of over 50,000 inhabitants, principally untouched by any missionary society. The S. P. G., the Lutherans, and the Salvation Army have all made abortive attempts to occupy it. It is a stronghold of Brahmanism, and a centre of all kinds of wickedness. More brandy is drunk in this place than in any other city of South India. Even for a Hindu town its immorality is notorious and appalling. The number of English-speaking educated natives is very great, and I shall be able to begin work there at once, but it is indeed attacking a stronghold of evil. I can only do my best, and look for God's help. After a conversation with these men we made our way back to Royapettah thoroughly done up with the excitement and hard work of the day just over.

Friday, December 30.—This morning we had a most interesting party for breakfast at Royapettah, including Subramanyam; his two brothers-in-law, Rama Rao and Krishna Rao; Satthianathan, M.A. Cantab (the son of the episcopal clergyman alluded to in the account of the Christian Conference), a professor in the Government College at Kumbakonam; Geden; and Piggott, the son of Mr. Piggott, our missionary in Italy. Satthianathan will be a great help to me in my work at Kumbakonam and is very heartily in sympathy with my proposed course of lectures. He is a delegate to the Congress. Piggott is a Cambridge wrangler and has a very good position in a Government college under the Maharajah of Mysore. He

is in thorough sympathy with all that is best in the aspirations of the natives which this Congress represents; and by a modified statement of some rather extreme positions which I took up, decidedly helped me out of difficulty in the interesting conversation we had during breakfast on the relations of Europeans and Indians to each other. The debate of the Congress to-day was upon the question of Technical Education, but I was so utterly tired out that I did not stay more than two hours. After making some purchases, I left Madras by the 6 p.m. train, with the prospect of travelling 260 miles in the terribly short time of twenty-six hours.

Saturday, December 31, 1887.—My journey to-day was most uneventful, and I reached Negapatam at 8 p.m. considerably rested and refreshed by my journey. I found the sub-editor nearly devoured by mosquitos, but there was enough left to recognise her.

LETTER IV.

TIRUVALUR,
TANJORE DISTRICT,
SOUTH INDIA.
January 1st, 1888.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—We have had a delightful mail from England to-day, and are consequently in very good spirits. This morning I preached a parade sermon at Negapatam before the volunteer corps. In the evening Findlay gave us one of the most beautiful sermons I have heard for a long time. It was an allegory based on St. John iii. 16. I am hoping to get him to deliver it as one of my course of lectures at Kumbakonam.

Monday.—We returned to Tiruvalur to-day, and received our New Year's greetings from our members. These were no small matter. First came Solomon the catechist, and Mary his wife, each bearing a large garland of very pretty yellow flowers, which were placed, Mary's round Ethel's neck, and Solomon's round mine. In addition to the garlands they brought us oranges, limes, bananas, and pomegranates. Half-an-hour later came the masters from the schools with another garland for each of us, and a second offering of fruit. An hour later came the carpenter and his family, bringing similar presents. About three in the afternoon came the climax of all—Mr. Crane, the apothecary, his wife, and family, accompanied by the temple band, playing English airs, and bearing more garlands and fruit, and followed by a crowd of villagers, anxious to see Ethel and me arranged in our garlands. In the evening

we had a second visit from the Brahman sub-magistrate, who defended his own religion by the feeblest arguments, his favourite reply to any special poser as to the corruption and immorality of the whole system, being, "Well, what if?" a reply which was exceedingly difficult to get beyond, and reminded the sub-editor of Alice in Wonderland's "Why not?"

Mannargudi.—Thursday.—Yesterday we again resumed our travels, and returned to this very delightful place for the native district meeting. We found all the ministers present, and Mrs. Little and Mrs. Findlay and Mrs. Bolter, so that altogether we have quite a large party.

Friday.—This evening we have had a most interesting meeting for educated Hindus (educated in this country means English speaking). Two addresses were given in English by Findlay and Webster, and two in Tamil by two Indian ministers. The congregation numbered about three hundred, and was the strangest gathering I ever saw. On the front seat on one side sat the missionaries' wives, and in a big arm-chair close by, a fat old Brahman sub-magistrate. On the other side sat some native ministers, and in a second arm-chair a Mohammedan Tahsildar, or revenue officer, a most handsome man. In the next four rows sat a few native Christians, but the great majority of the rest were heathen. When I opened the meeting with prayer they all sat bolt upright, and stared hard at the Christians. Some of them had the Sivite marks on their foreheads, and others the Vishnavite. They listened most attentively to the addresses. Findlay again adopted the allegorical method, and gave an exquisite address. Webster's was an earnest, practical talk on the danger of allowing the whole spiritual side of our nature to be warped, by receiving spiritual impressions without endeavouring to act upon them.

Sunday, January 8th, 1888. We have had a similar service to the above to-night, no Tamil addresses being given.

Wednesday. The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the chairman to-day :—

"TANJORE,

"*January 9th*, 1888.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—With due respect and humble submission, I beg to bring these few lines before your valuable presence, hoping that you will consider about this matter fully well, and grant me your favourable grace. . . . Now, my dear father, I humbly beg your honour to speak in the district meeting for me, and bring me in the minister line, so that there would be a praise to the Almighty, surprise to the people who had rejected me for preaching the Gospel, rejoice for our congregation, and, finally, a great advantage for the ministers, for such acts of clemency and benevolence my earnest and most fervent prayers are daily raised to our Almighty, for your long life, sound health, and further prosperity.

"I am,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"M. MANICKEN."

This is an average specimen of the letters we are continually receiving from native Christians and others. Two or three others I have meant to copy. They have been crowded out.

Thursday. The district meeting finished to-day, and I am sure every one is glad it is over. It has been a case of cutting down work in every direction, in consequence of the financial pressure at home. It is no light matter to give up schools and other work which have taken many years to develop. In the case of Mannargudi high

school we have a large educational establishment, which dates from Mr. W. O. Simpson's days and earlier, and has been an object of much care and attention on the part of many of our most devoted missionaries, and is now educating over 200 boys. Yet this school, for the sake of 500 rupees a year (£35), will probably have to be closed. The word "retrenchment" is lightly uttered on missionary platforms, but it is a grave and terrible reality here. Findlay's letter on behalf of the district meeting to the general committee was an admirable production, but it is not possible to draw blood out of a stone, and unless our people in England are prepared to imitate the self-denial and generosity of their forefathers in the matter of missionary subscriptions, the cutting down of the work, this retiring from fields "white unto harvest" will have to go on. One feels out here that it is a serious question whether it would not be better to shut up 20 per cent. of the chapels and churches in England, and send the men and the money to this country, which at present has scarcely a European missionary to a million heathen. As far as our own people are concerned, it is time they gave up their ceaseless boasting about the magnitude of our missionary work. We are still ahead of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (High Church) in both income and number of agents, but the Church Missionary Society (Low Church), which a few years ago was behind us, has recently advanced by leaps and bounds, and is now £100,000 ahead of us in its income, and is doing a splendid work. [These remarks refer to the whole work of those societies, and not to their work in India.] In one of the recent letters of our committee to this district meeting, they spoke of the "foremost place which our society holds in Indian education." This is rubbish. We don't hold anything of the kind, and unless English Methodists con-

tribute a little more, as though they believed all the great truths they profess to hold, we shall soon occupy the lowest place in the Indian educational work. I wish that some of the discussions of the district meeting could be reproduced by one of Edison's machines at our next trumpeting at Exeter Hall. It might damp the ardour of some of the orators who wished to refer to what Methodism achieved in the South Seas fifty years ago, but I think it would send up the collection. Instead of this incessant glorying over what our grandfathers did for Fiji half a century ago, it would be well to change the tune, and say what we are not doing for India now that Methodism is ten times as rich as it was then.

I have not said much about the *personnel* of this district meeting, but it is not because there are not some very good men in it. Findlay's work I have already spoken of. He himself is a very distinguished scholar, being a "Double First" of London University, First of the First in Classics and Second of the First in Philosophy. He is also a scholar of Merton College, Oxford. His great claim on the affection of old Headingley men is the fact of his being the Governor's son-in-law. Mr. Little has managed the financial affairs of this district admirably in a time of great difficulty. Bolter, who this year returns home from Trichinopoly on account of his wife's health, leaves behind him a vigorous and healthy native church. Gostick and Thompson are both hard-working missionaries, and both speak Tamil fluently.

In some of my English letters I am told that I have made the missionary's life appear a very easy time. If this is so, I have given a very superficial account of things out here. In India, as in England, lazy men will be lazy men still, and it certainly is possible for a missionary to have a very comfortable time of it in our large centres if

he is so minded. But, on the other hand, let it be borne in mind—first, that the climate makes it absolutely impossible for any man to work here as he would in England; secondly, that if our missionaries did not ride or play tennis, or take some other good exercise, the Missionary Society would soon have to pay their passage home with diseased livers; and thirdly, the number of servants kept here is rendered necessary by the caste rules and prejudices of the people,* which compel you to keep a different servant to do every different kind of work; thus, the cook would no more think of doing housemaid's work than flying. In this connection the lowness of wages must also be borne in mind. We have now butler, cook, housesweeper &c., cook's helper, washerman, gardener, groom, and grass-cutter, and the wages of the whole lot are 15s. a week, and they feed and board themselves. We build houses for our house-servants, but good ones can be put up for 30s. each.

Taking the men out here all round, they work very hard indeed, as anyone might easily believe who took the trouble to note how many years they stand the climate. Patterson, of Madras, does enough work for any two men; Findlay, of Negapatam, is a similar hard worker. Both of these have large and important educational charges; both are examiners of Madras University; both are preaching constantly; and Patterson is Chairman of the Madras District, whilst Findlay is now Superintendent of the Negapatam Circuit. I might have taken other men as illustrations, but these will suffice. If in any future chapters of this journal, which I intend to make as faithful a representation as possible of our life out here, it should

* This, as I have since discovered, is a delusion which has wide currency in missionary circles. The cook and the butler may be amalgamated, and the total number of servants frequently kept in mission houses considerably reduced.

seem to anyone that we are having too festive a time, I would ask such readers to take my word for it that Ethel and I, at any rate, would gladly exchange these lovely blue skies and this delightful temperature of 80 deg., and all the lovely tropical vegetation and beautiful birds in our compound, and our very cosy little home and all our retinue of servants, for a small English house in a dirty street, with one housemaid on £5 a year, if we could only be amongst our critics once more.

Friday.—I omitted to say yesterday, that on our arrival at Tiruvalur we found our street hung across, all the way down, with garlands, and thought at first it was a demonstration to welcome us, but found that it had a very different meaning!!! The garlands had been put up to propitiate Kali, the goddess of cholera, of which there had been several cases in the street during our absence.

Monday, January 18. 1888.—I was to have gone this morning with Mr. Thompson to Kodeivasal, one of my stations, to see the schools there and be introduced to the catechist in charge of the place. With this intent I went up to the station for the 6.20 train, and reached the station at 6 o'clock to find that the train had already been gone five minutes. So much for Indian punctuality! On consideration, I decided to follow Thompson by the next train, which left Tiruvalur at 11.30 a.m. Accordingly, I was just arriving at Koradacheri, the station for Kodeivasal, when a fellow-traveller in the same compartment saw Thompson returning in the train going to Tiruvalur. I at once jumped out of our train, which was going about six miles an hour, and ran after the returning train, and by the help of the guard's shouting to the engine-driver, succeeded in getting it slowed down and in overtaking it. So much for the speed of Indian trains!

Tuesday.—This afternoon Ethel and I called on the

Munsiff (civil judge), to whom I was introduced at the National Congress. He was very anxious that I should lecture in Tiruvalur as well as Kumbakonam, on the National Congress, so I consented, and arranged to lecture on Saturday, at 4.30 p.m.

Wednesday.—Thompson came over this morning from Negapatam by the 6 a.m. train, and after early breakfast we drove out to Nannilam, my third station. Our conveyance was what is called a jutka. It is something like a costermonger's cart with a cover on. We sat on the floor of the cart tailor fashion. Our steed was a little country pony, which did the nine miles each way in about an hour. The charge for this turn-out was one rupee (1s. 5d.) Our first stopping-place was at the house of the catechist, at a village with a fearful name which I will spare you all, two miles this side of Nannilam. Here we found a little band of seven Christians, to whom Thompson administered the Sacrament, and gave an address of about half-an-hour in Tamil. Then we drove on to Nannilam, where we have a middle grade school of fifty boys. The head-master is a bad specimen of a Brahman. Two or three weeks since he gave the school an address *in English*, and had it translated into Tamil for the boys by the second master (his native language, of course, being Tamil, and his English being very defective) to the effect that Mr. Thompson had treated one or two of the boys badly in not allowing them to be free scholars, but that he was just going to Trichinopoly, and that when Dr. Lunn came all this kind of thing would soon be altered. This was reported to Thompson by the parents of several of the children, so he just told him very plainly before me that he had heard all about it, and his salary would be reduced until I thought he behaved himself better.

Thursday.—At nine o'clock this morning we had a visit

from Mr. Narasimha Iyer (also spelt Narasimmiah), the District Munsiff. We were very pleased with his visit. He is a most gentlemanly and well-read man, and speaks English admirably. He discussed Irish politics and the leading English politicians in a manner that would have done credit to an Englishman. I asked him if he had never thought of visiting England, and he made a most significant reply. He said, "Ah, you see our caste rules will not allow of us doing that *yet*, though I would very much like to go. If I was to go, when I came back I should be quite isolated, and separated from all my former friends," in explanation of which I should say that it is against the rules of caste to cross the sea. In Bengal so many Brahmans have defied this rule, and have thereby excommunicated themselves, that great endeavours are being made to find some sanction for a penance which should expiate this sin; and in this week's papers there is an account of the decision of a body of Brahmans at Bangalore to allow a young Brahman barrister who had been studying in England to return to his caste after certain penance. The significance of his reply lay in the fact that he looked forward to the day when these absurd restrictions would be removed. He visited us in a bullock carriage in thorough native dress, and took off his shoes outside our verandah before entering.

Friday.—The natives have been engaged to-day in processions to appease the goddess of cholera. Fresh garlands were hung across the streets, the houses were decorated, and a musical procession paraded the streets making a demonstration at every house; and when this was over the poor wretches would go back to their homes and drink the unboiled and unfiltered water from the tank in which they had just washed their persons, their clothes, their cattle, and their carts, and then wonder that the goddess was not appeased.

Saturday.—I received a letter this morning from London from the Honourable Dadabhai Naoroji, who was President of the National Congress in 1886, saying: "I am much pleased and thankful for your article in the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 27th." This and Mr. Hughes' notes on it in the *M. T.* are decidedly encouraging. I was very much afraid I should receive some decidedly different communications by this mail. At 10.30 a.m. we had a great demonstration. About eighty of the girls from our three girls' schools came in procession to give us a new year's greeting and to bring their new year's offerings. They were accompanied by the masters and mistresses of the schools and by the temple band! This band is a model of catholicity and will perform for any one who pays for it. Ethel and I received them seated on chairs in our drawing-room, the doors were all thrown widely open, and a crowd of heathen gathered round to witness the proceedings. They first of all sang a number of native Christian lyrics to the wildest music; and they sang a Christian hymn to the tune of "We won't go home till morning." Let none of my musical friends scoff, and vow that I mistook "God save the Queen" for this, because I give this, not on my own authority, but on the authority of the sub-editor. After the music Mr. Crane, the medical evangelist, briefly welcomed them in our name; and Solomon, the catechist, offered up a short prayer. Then came the presentations. First of all, six garlands of these bright yellow flowers were put round Ethel's neck and round mine, and bracelets round our wrists of the same material. The offerings consisted of huge bunches of bananas, limes *ad lib.*, sugar-candy, cocoa-nuts, and pomelos. We then gave the teachers a quantity of bananas and some special Indian food to distribute to the children, after which the children gave us some pretty festive songs and brought the proceedings to a close.

At half-past four I went to deliver my lecture in the Local Board High School on the National Congress, when Mr. Narasimha Iyer took the chair, and we had between 150 and 200 English-speaking natives present, including a Cinghalese prince and all the prominent Government officials. The chairman gave me a most tremendous introduction, reading the whole of my Pall Mall Gazette article, and also Dadabhai Naoroji's letter which I handed to him before the meeting began, never expecting he would use it in this way. I gave them about a forty minutes' description of the Congress and its debates, and then impressed upon them the necessity for patience, self-denial, and hard work, and they would make this movement a success and, above all, the need of realising what the acceptance of democratic principles involves. One of the foremost and most heterodox of Hindu social reformess is Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao, and I was most particularly interested to see how they would receive his name. I was very much pleased at the cheer with which his name was greeted. He is a man who, without severing himself from Hinduism, is trying hard to clear away many caste rules, to secure the re-marriage of young widows, to do away with the present ruinous expenses of marriage, and to effect numerous other reforms in Hindu manners and customs. That such an assembly of educated but country Hindus should receive his name so enthusiastically is a striking proof of the disintegration of creeds which is going on to-day in India with startling rapidity. At the conclusion they gave me a most hearty vote of thanks.

At seven o'clock I had a visit from a Brahman, first master of one of my schools, who had come with the full intention of twisting me round his fingers. He proceeded to elaborate a plan by which he could so falsify the registers as to get certain boys free, and certain boys on half-pay, in defiance of the Government regulations. I let him explain

all very fully, and then said, "And you wish me to tell a parcel of lies like that?" He said he did. Whereupon I told him that if ever he came to me again with any proposal for such dishonest practices he might expect a very warm reception, that Englishmen had no wish to be taught that kind of thing, and that he might leave the place at once, and I would come and see him on Monday morning. This terrified him, as he thought I meant to dismiss him, and he at once became most cringing and said, "I pray your mercy, sir, I pray your mercy." The mendacity of some of these men is appalling.

Sunday, January 22, 1888.—To-day Satthianathan, our catechist, better known as Satt, took the morning service. After the service he and Mr. Crane came to the mission house to tell me that the natives were delighted with the lecture last night, and had told them that they prayed God I might stay long in Tiruvalur. Mr. Crane himself was at the lecture and said he thought it would do great good.

This afternoon we had two characteristic visits from two young natives. The first had passed the middle grade examination, as it is called, and was anxious to read for matriculation, but had not the money to buy the books (10s.) He came without any turban, and with a simple cloth wrapped round him, and with the Sivite marks across his forehead. I thought he had come for medicine, and called the boy to interpret, when, to my surprise, he addressed me in English and explained that he wished me to buy the books for him. The next visitor was the son of a clerk in the Munsiff's office on 5s. 6d. a week. He had already been in for his matriculation examination, and wished to read for his first arts, and wanted me to write a note to Findlay recommending him as a free scholar. These are typical illustrations of the present rage for education in this country; though it is to be feared that a great deal of it is rather a desire to enter Government service and to get

the Government rupees than to acquire knowledge. I have not said much about our medical work yet, but it is progressing rapidiy. We have many more patients coming to the dispensary now than we had a month ago, They are mainly simple cases, but we shall get more difficult cases by-and-by. The apothecary of the Local Fund dispensary met Mr. Crane the other day, and asked if I would go in to operate on any difficult cases that he might have. I expect to have plenty of work, but I want much more accommodation than I have now, and could do very well with a cheque for £1,000 if any one is overburdened with this world's goods.

Monday, Feb. 13, 1888.—I have just paid my second instalment of the penalty for living under a tropical sun, hence this gap in the dates. The first instalment consisted of a slight attack of fever during the district meeting, which only lasted twenty-four hours, and I didn't think it worth mention before. On Saturday fortnight I went to Kumbakonam and gave my lecture and had a capital time. I returned to Negapatam intending to preach there on the Sunday, but whether it was the seven hours' midnight journey or something I had eaten during the day I don't know, but on my return I was attacked with fever pretty severely. For the following week Findlay and Mrs. Findlay were unremitting in their kindness; but as I didn't get right Findlay very kindly offered to take me to Madras by sea, both for the sake of the voyage and for the purpose of getting the best medical advice. The voyage there and back has set me up wonderfully, and the doctor said it was only that "the molecular metabolism which all Europeans must undergo in a tropical climate" had proceeded rather too rapidly in my case. By the aid of medicines and the sea voyage we have succeeded in slowing down the machinery of nature's mill for turning me into an Asiatic, and I hope to be all right again in a fortnight.

LETTER V.

TIRUVALUR,
TANJORE DISTRICT,
SOUTH INDIA.
February 19th, 1888.

THIS attack of fever, &c., which I have been passing through, has not been a pleasant experience. When I was taken ill everything seemed to be shaping itself so splendidly for a good year. Ethel had taken up the management of the girls' schools, and teachers and children both seemed delighted at the prospect. The number of patients at the dispensary increases every week. I was just arranging a course of lectures which promised well. Along with my Tamil, to which I had fairly settled down, I was reading up several important Indian questions. And now for three weeks all this has been interrupted, and I have had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing how well things could go on without me. The worst of it is that the heat is increasing daily, and will increase until April, which is the hottest month of the year, and Mr. Crane, my medical assistant, says that I shall not get my strength up in this hot weather unless I go away for at least a month. It is not that the heat is ever very tremendous, as the shade thermometer has only got up to 90 deg. at present in my study, but it never goes down lower. The heat is persistent. Last night the minimum temperature was 83 deg.; and in a month it will be much higher than this, for here we are on the isothermal line of the greatest mean temperature in the world. However, I won't grumble any more, only it is rather disappointing.

And now I want to go back to some things that happened just before I was laid aside. On Thursday, January 26th, and on the Friday following, Ethel and I visited two of our girls' schools, and Ethel gave an hour's sewing lesson at each school. She also arranged for the children to come once from each of the three schools on alternate days to our bungalow, and learn sewing.

On Saturday, January 28th, I went to Kumbakonam, to deliver my lectures on the National Congress. Three of my audience of the week previous accompanied me, viz.: Mr. Narasimha Iyer, the Munsiff (civil judge); Mr. Subramania Iyer, the head master of the high school; and the second master, whose name I forget. We had a most interesting conversation during the journey. When we got to the station I found the Munsiff much concerned, lest perchance his superior officer, the Tanjore judge, whom he knew to have been at Negapatam the previous day, should be in the train, as in that case he said he would not wish to go to my meeting. And this man is a Brahman, the principal Government official in a town of 9,000 inhabitants, occupying a position much better relatively than that of an Irish resident magistrate. I expressed my surprise, and he then told me the following story:—He said, "Twelve months ago I volunteered to give evidence before the Public Services Commission (a commission appointed by Government to enquire into a report on the pros and cons of natives entering the Public Services). One day whilst I was in Madras, for the purpose of giving evidence, I met my superior officer, the Judge. He said to me at once, 'What are you doing here?' I replied, 'I have come to give evidence before the Public Services Commission.' 'Who gave you leave?' he asked. 'I gave myself leave,' I replied. 'What do you mean?' he said. 'I mean,' said I, 'that I am

entitled to take four days' leave when I choose during the year, and I chose to take them now.' 'All right,' he replied, 'only take care you are back within the five days.'" This story needs no comment.

In the train we had a long conversation on the difference between Hindu and English social life. After some considerable conversation, I said to the Munsiff, "Do you think you will go to Allahabad to the National Congress next year?" I should say that Allahabad is about 3,000 miles away. He said, "I think I shall probably, and go round by Benares and have a dip" (in the Ganges, the sacred river). "Now," I said, "you speak of 'having a dip,' shall you go to Benares with any devotional spirit, expecting any benefit from washing in the Ganges, or shall you go to please your old father and mother?" Without any hesitation he said it would be to please his parents. "You see," he said, "We like to go to one of these sacred tanks at one of the large temples. The change of air and scenery, &c., does us all good, and we come back ever so much the better for it." I then asked him another important question. "In connection with all your temples you have a number of dancing girls, whom everyone knows to be without exception immoral. Is there no way in which you can separate a horrible fact like this from your religious system?" "No," he said, "We cannot possibly do away with them. They have civil rights giving them a share in the temple revenues. They constitute a distinct caste by themselves, the boy-children of these girls becoming members of the temple band, and the girl-children following the same life as their mothers." I said, "But does it not seem a terrible thing to you to have such an institution associated with your place of religious teaching?" "Oh," he said, "We do not go to the temple for religious teaching,

we have that in our own homes; we go there to worship, and these dancing girls and the band help us to worship. We don't think of them as immoral, but simply as part of the surroundings of worship."

I have given this conversation as exactly as I possibly can. And this is the religious system which it is the fashion to rave about in England as being so beautiful. Ruskin was right, when in one of his Oxford lectures on art he held up a Hindu god as the ugliest thing in the world, but he might have gone further and held up the whole system of Hinduism as it exists to-day as the most soul-corrupting, debasing, degrading system that the combined art of men and devils could produce. I couldn't write one tenth of the horrible things that the most superficial observer might note for himself in a week amongst the temples of Southern India.

To return to our conversation in the train. I broached the question of a course of monthly lectures to follow up my lectures on the National Congress, and found them quite willing to assist me in arranging such a course, though half the lectures were to be really sermons. On the alternate secular lecture days, Narasimha Iyer particularly asked me to lecture on the "Science of Health," as he thought such lectures very necessary, and he would secure their publication in full in the *Hindu*. Ultimately, we arranged the following course for the remaining ten months of the year, religious and secular to alternate:—"Christianity and the Nation;" "Christianity and the Family;" "Christianity and the Individual;" "The Character of Jesus;" and "The Claims of Christ;"—these to be the five religious lectures. The five secular to be "Lessons from the Lives of three Roman philosophers—Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius;"—"The Science of Health—The Town;" "The Science of Health—The

Home;" "The Science of Health—The Person;" and lastly, "Subjects with which the National Congress of 1888 ought to deal."

At last our six hours' journey (fare 1s. 3d.) came to an end, and we received a most hearty welcome at Kumbakonam. We had a capital attendance at the lectures, and I developed considerably the concluding part of my lecture on the need for courage, perseverance, and self-denial. I then read to them the following extract from a letter I had that morning received from an old Headingley friend:—"I cannot help feeling sorry for these native gentlemen meeting in convention to promote the national feeling, &c. One cannot but sympathise with their cause, but they are surely destined to some very bitter experiences of the hope deferred that makes the heart sick; because, unless I am altogether mistaken in my ignorance, they are more out of touch with the 'masses' the millions of their own countrymen than they are with English officialdom. England will never give a caste of educated men power, nor heed much the suggestions of a little band of professors and theorists, and it will take them long to lift the dead weight of the millions into an atmosphere where they can even feel the need for self-government." I read this extract as an experiment to see what answer I could educe, and the experiment succeeded. The seconder of the vote of thanks was a Brahman, the Professor of History at the Government College, M.A. in History and Political Economy of the Madras University. He spoke somewhat as follows:—"What is the history of the English Constitution? Have the millions of England always understood the great struggles that have taken place for political freedom? When Stephen Langton, on the plains of Runnymede, won the great charter from the tyrant John, the charter which is the very foundation of English

freedom, was it the millions or a handful of barons that supported him? In the struggles during the reign of Henry III. the people were beginning to make themselves felt, but still only very slightly. And even in the struggle between the Parliament and Charles I., how many of the men who struggled for freedom represented boroughs whose constituents were very few?" He then went on to say, "We want Dr. Lunn to come over here again and lecture to us on co-operation, and teach us how to work together." This just suited me, and I got up at once and said that I should be very glad to come and lecture to them, but my Tiruvalur friends had just been asking me to lecture on the science of health. If they liked to have my Tiruvalur lectures, I should be very glad to come. They accepted this offer enthusiastically. Unfortunately, my illness seems now likely to upset the whole programme.

One part of our conversation in the train I omitted. I read the above extract of the letter to my three fellow-travellers, and asked their opinion upon the point. Narasimha Iyer said: "Your friend is quite wrong in thinking that we have anything like as much sympathy and community of feeling and interest with the English official classes as we have with the Sudras. We are working hand in hand politically with the Chettys, the Mudelliers, and other castes of the Sudras. Of course, we admit at once that there is no love lost between us and the Pariahs, but you cannot wonder at that. For centuries they have been degraded by being regarded as non-caste men, and compelled always to do the most menial and degrading work. The inevitable result of these centuries of degradation has followed in a lowering of type and character. But the Pariahs are only one-thirteenth of the population. The Sudras constitute the

great mass of our fellow-countrymen, and with them we are prepared to work heartily, and as you know many of these came prominently forward at the last National Congress." In explanation of this I should say that the Pariahs are supposed to be the aborigines of the country, and they are quite as degraded as the Munsiff asserted. The Sudras constitute all the castes between Pariahs and Brahmans; they are many shades lighter than the Pariahs, and are of the Dravidian stock. The Brahmans are really of the same Aryan stock as ourselves; they are some of them very fair, and are undoubtedly intellectually superior to the rest. None of these castes intermarry, so that the races are kept almost as distinct as they were in the years when each succeeding race came as conquerors from the North.

After the lecture was over, and I had had a good dinner, I started for Negapatam. I mention the dinner, not because of its all-importance to the Saxon mind, but because I want to show that I prepared for the journey. By the time I reached Negapatam, 2 a.m., I was seriously ill with fever, &c.

Care of Rev. A. S. GEDEN, M.A.,
Leith Castle, Madras,
March 4, 1888.

Since writing the preceding pages I have had another bad attack of fever accompanied by acute tonsillitis, which ended in a bad quinsy. There is no use hiding the fact: the climate is having a hard struggle to upset me. As the doctor said, "Whenever any man comes to this country looking specially robust, the climate seems to say, 'I'm going for that man!' I have known miserable creatures come out to this country who could hardly crawl, and never have a day's illness for years; but it is robust men

like you that the climate attacks most severely." At any rate, I have had my share so far. I began with boils before I had been in the country a fortnight—a thing I never had in England—and have had them ever since on hands, knees, ankles, shins, and neck. At the present time I have two convalescent, and one new one coming. They are not very serious, but they are a great nuisance. Then I began with fever at Mannargudi in January, and now I have had five weeks' fever, with quinsy accompanying. On the two days that I wrote the preceding pages of the journal I was just recovering from the first attack. Then came the tonsillitis on the Monday evening. By Friday I could scarcely swallow anything, so I wired up to Madras to say that I should accept an invitation of Geden's given during my last Madras visit, to spend a month at his place, which is a lovely spot right on the sea-shore. I had a bad week of it after arriving, but I am now much better, and yesterday had the satisfaction, for the first time for five weeks, of eating my meals like any other civilised being.

Ethel likes the place immensely, as the cool sea-breezes are very delightful after the heat of Tiruvalur, and I am equally to get a good night's rest. Mr. Little wishes us to stay here for two months, and as Geden desires us to do so that I may thoroughly recruit, I think we shall stay. I now scale more than two stone less than my last London weight, and am beginning to feel quite elegant—a very new sensation for me. Enough of these ailments!

There are many more interesting things I want to say, but I must keep them until next month, as I am not equal to packing up a larger journal now.

LETTER VI.

LEITH CASTLE,
MADRAS,
March 11, 1888.

I SUPPOSE that at this present moment a number of kind friends in the far west are considerably anxious as to how the climate and I are getting on. Well, things have improved a great deal since last Sunday, and it seems just possible after all that we may become fairly good friends. This is a delightful place, and much cooler than any place inland, so that my chances of recruiting are about a thousand times better than they would have been at Tiruvalur. The heat here is steadily increasing and has gone up five degrees since we came here, but is still one degree below what Tiruvalur was when we left. The regularity of the temperature is most surprising; day after day the maximum shade temperature is within two degrees of the day preceding, but steadily increases at the rate of about half a degree each day; the night is about three or four degrees cooler than the day, but is now well over eighty degrees. Some of our correspondents say that they envy us the heat, which remark extorts most forcible expressions from the sub-editor of the journal. This place has another great advantage over inland houses in the fact that the sea breeze drives away most of the mosquitos, so that here we are not driven in sheer desperation, in the middle of every night, to get up and sit with our feet in the bath to relieve the irritation, a by no means uncommon experience.

And now to go back a little. We had an experience during our short stay in Tiruvalur, before coming up to Madras, which afforded us considerable entertainment. It was just before my third attack of fever. We were driving out one morning about seven when, as we passed through the bazaars, we saw two Europeans in native dress selling newspapers. The natives, thinking we ought to see them at once called our attention to them. We stopped and found that they were two Salvationists selling the Tamil *War Cry*. As I wished very much to hear what the Army is doing in India we asked them to come and breakfast with us at ten o'clock. They at once accepted with the proviso that they were strict vegetarians. In good time they arrived at our bungalow. They were dressed in the most rigid native costume with salmon-coloured turbans; a loose-fitting jersey of the same colour with Salvation Army worken on it in Tamil, and a cloth of the same colour wrapped round the loins and legs. They always walk barefoot, a terrible ordeal in the hot weather, as even the natives wear sandals in the heat of the day. On their foreheads they had three horizontal marks: one red to signify the blood of our Lord, one yellow to signify the fire of the Holy Spirit, and the third blue to signify purity. These two were both captains, and had been six months in the Clapton Training Home, and came out last August in what was called the "Jubilee Fifty." One of them was an Australian; the other, Captain Maynard, was an ex-Methodist from Tunbridge Wells, who dated the commencement of his religious life from a mission conducted there by Thomas Cook about six years ago. He said that he found Tunbridge Wells Methodism too dead and alive and had therefore entered the Army. He was very willing to give information, and told me a good deal about their method and success. He said that they had adopted the

native dress and habits for two reasons—first, on grounds of economy; and secondly, because they believed that if Christianity was to become the religion of India, it must be promulgated by men who were by birth or by adoption of every native custom, natives of the country. In South India they are at present trying an entirely new experiment. In the North they have aimed at making converts of any class they could lay hold of, with the result that none but Pariahs and the lowest castes have been converted. Here they are devoting themselves solely to the Brahmans and high caste Sudras. The work at Tanjore has been carried on for six months, and only one convert from heathenism has been made. In Trichinopoly they have had better success, having made about ten converts in three months, of whom three or four are Brahmans. In fairness to these results, it should be said that they are only now learning the language and have not yet got thoroughly under weigh in these places. In the North, at Goojerat, where they work amongst all classes, they are making about a hundred converts a month. Their expenses are astoundingly low. Twelve of them live at Tanjore in one house and only spend one rupee a day (1s. 5d.) over their food. Imagine keeping twelve adult Englishmen on 10s. a week! When they are living singly at separate stations they receive five rupees (7s. 0d.) a month pay. I mentally agreed emphatically with Maynard when, commenting on the conduct of some who had retired from the mission, he ingenuously said, "You see, it takes a great deal of consecration to keep it up." For himself there was no mistaking the consecration. Every word he spoke showed that he had given himself to India and meant to live and die here. I found on inquiry that the attempt made by the Army is most likely to break down, if it does break down at all, on account of the health of the soldiers. Of the original five

who came out in 1881, Commissioner Tucker is the only oneremaining. Mrs. Tucker is dead, and three are at home. Of forty who came out in 1886, two are invalided home, two have retired, and some more are in hospitals; and of the Jubilee Fifty who came out in August last two have retired and several are very unwell. The strangest feature of the movement to us out here is the freedom with which General Booth has dealt with the sacraments, abolishing them because, according to Maynard, "they found them troublesome." The omission of baptism at home is not at all so noticeable as here where it is the great test of a convert's sincerity. The Hindus all regard a man's baptism as the act by which a man cuts every tie which binds him to his former life. Apart altogether from our Saviour's express command, the abolition of this test in missionary work is particularly misleading. If we were willing to count as adherents mere hangers on who would attend our services regularly, but declined to be baptised, we might increase our apparent results greatly. Moreover the courage and decision which the acceptance of baptism involves makes the step an admirable means of separating the wheat from the chaff, and at the same time is the means of building up the character of the young convert. Such are some of the facts about the movement which I gleaned from the conversation during breakfast and after.

At 11.30 they lay down on the mats in my study, for a siesta. At 1.30 we had a tiffin, and resumed our conversation until 4 p.m., when the sun was low enough for them to go out into the streets again. They returned again about 7 p.m., and having missed the last train dined with us, and slept on my study floor, utterly disdaining any such luxury as beds and mosquito curtains. At evening prayers I took the service into my own hands not knowing what might happen if they were asked to take part in it.

However they managed a hallelujah meeting notwithstanding, responding during the prayers with a vigour quite new to Tiruvalur. They left us at five in the morning with a hearty "God bless you," carrying off in triumph a tin of biscuits which we offered them.

Monday, March 12, 1888.—This evening the monthly missionary conference has been held at Royapettah. Some of my correspondents may remember that we were fortunate in being here for the November one at the Bishop's. This was at Mr. Patterson's, and although it had not the special attraction of the arrival of the English missionaries who came out in November, it proved a very interesting evening. There were about seventy missionaries present. The subject of the evening was "Young Men's Christian Associations," and the discussion was opened by the Rev. Dr. Chamberlayne, of the American Presbyterian Medical Mission. He had a remarkable offer to make to the meeting on behalf of the American Y.M.C.A.'s. He told us in the course of his speech that last summer Mr. Moody (of Moody and Sankey) wrote and telegraphed to him to come and address a gathering of the officers of all the great American Y.M.C.A.'s. He went and told them very plainly that they were extremely selfish in the way they spent their funds, and he suggested that they ought to do something for the Christian young men of India, China, and Japan. He suggested that they should send some man who was able to deal with young men to organize Christian associations in the University towns of India, and to stimulate the educated Christian young men to aggressive evangelistic work. He went on to say that the cost of maintaining such a man would be 6,000 rupees (£420) per annum, and appealed to some of the strongest societies to undertake the responsibility of one such man. The appeal was reproduced by the daily

papers, and he had only just reached home when he received a telegram from the Y.M.C.A. in Minnesota, offering 6,000 rupees per annum. This was followed by three similar telegrams from Kansas, Pittsburg, and Brooklyn. The New York Y.M.C.A. officers then met together and decided to offer him two or three University men for the work, and to guarantee their support. He replied to all these offers stating that he would convey them to the missionaries of this Presidency, and then advise the associations of the response we made. The discussion which followed was practically one-sided, as everyone present seemed of opinion that such a work could not fail to do great good, and on Patterson's suggestion a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions heartily accepting the offer as far as Madras is concerned, and recommending that men should be sent to each of the University towns. This may be the beginning of a very important work, and is at least an indication of the real strength of the American Y.M.C.A.'s.

Monday, March 19, 1888.—Anyone who doubts whether India has benefited by the British rule ought to have been with me this afternoon at the convocation of the Madras University for conferring degrees. It was a marvellous sight. The convocation was held in the large hall of the Senate House. The hall is a magnificent building capable of seating two thousand people, and that means a much larger building than one for the same number in England, as people cannot sit so closely in this hot climate, and the seats are two feet wide and are each separated from its neighbours by arms. The building is oriental in style, at least fifty feet high, and beautifully decorated. On the present occasion it was filled from end to end with a very motley crowd, on the platform were the Senate of the University; and the Chancellor, His

Excellency, Lord Connemara, in full academical dress; the Chancellor's dress was a purple retort gown, like an Oxford Proctor's dress gown, with two inch gold lace down the fronts, and round the bottom of the sleeves outside. The rest of the Senate who did not wear the gowns and hoods of their own English, Irish, or Scotch Universities wore subdued crimson silk gowns. Immediately in front of the dais sat the 52 candidate Bachelors of Law wearing puce silk gowns and hoods lined with pink. Behind them were the three M.B. and M.S. candidates wearing maroon silk gowns and hoods lined with lilac. Then came four M.A. candidates wearing blue silk gowns with black hoods lined with cerise with a gold border. The candidates for the B.A. degree numbered 176 and sat next, dressed as M.A.s, excepting the gold border to the hood. But to an Englishman the strangest feature of all was that the wearers of these gorgeous gowns and hoods instead of being dressed in English black dress clothes as at home were most of them bare-legged and turbaned, and had on simply the white cloths (not clothes), which the natives twist round them so dexterously, as to make them almost into a suit of clothes. The rest of the hall was filled with sight-seers. In one respect only did the actual ceremony of conferment strikingly differ from our custom at home. In our Universities the candidate for the degree goes up to the dais in the full dress which his degree entitles him to wear; here the candidate goes forward carrying his hood in his hand, and after he has received his parchment from the Chancellor, the examiner who presented him puts the hood around his neck. This leads to some curious blunders, as several of the men had no idea how to wear a hood. One walked gravely back with the hood hanging over his chest, another seemed to think the right shoulder the best place for displaying it, and several were plainly

in doubt. After the degrees were conferred, Colonel Hughes Hallet (brother of the M.P. for Rochester) delivered the usual address to the students. His speech, in common with all of the proceedings, instead of being spoken in Latin as at home was delivered in English. It was full of very eloquent passages and secured the closest attention.

The growth of this University has been phenomenally rapid and its present importance and promise of future influence such as must have exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the founders. Dating only from 1857, it is already sending out into the Presidency a number of graduates which will compare favourably with those of the Universities at home. For the first ten years of its existence its progress was remarkably slow. In 1858 one man graduated B.A., in 1868 six men took this degree, whilst in 1878 the number had risen to 49, and in 1888 the number is 176. To the missionary a careful analysis of the men who have graduated since the foundation of the University gives most satisfactory results. I have the more pleasure in giving these results as in my home correspondence I am told that Anglo-Indians assert that no educated Hindus become Christians. The following figures are taken from the latest Madras University Calendar. Up to 1887, the total number of men who had graduated B.A. was 1607. Of this number 148 are native Christians, being exactly nine per cent. Eurasians are classed separately, and many—most I might say—are Christians, because of missionary effort. The total number of men who have taken the degree of M.A. is 45, and nine of these are Christians giving a percentage of twenty. Less than five per cent of the Bachelors of Law are Christians. Out of the Bachelors of Medicine and Masters of Surgery twenty five per cent are Christians, whilst out of the four men who have taken the

M.D. degree of Madras, three are Christians. In estimating the importance of these figures it must be borne in mind that at an outside estimate less than two per cent. of the population of the Presidency are Christians. Surely in face of these figures no one will venture to deny that native Christians are taking their place in the front ranks of the educated men of South India *

An amusing and yet striking illustration of the effect of education upon Hindu social customs occurred as we entered the building. A man was stationed there by the Hindu Widows' Remarriage Association to distribute handbills of matrimonial advertisements. The society has been founded recently as an out-come of the reform movement led by Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao, the Maharajah Holkar's premier. He has preached long and earnestly against the terrible evils of early marriages followed by early and perpetual widowhood, and has shown that the Vedas do not insist upon this perpetual widowhood. The following are two of the advertisements in this sheet which was being handed to the young graduates, (1) An educated Brahman virgin widow of the Smartha sect, Srivutcha Gotra, age about 12 years; of fair complexion, who was widowed in her sixth year, and who is a sister of a remarried lady, is willing to marry an educated young Brahman. The under-mentioned things will be presented: A house at Rajamundry worth about 500 rupees, jewels worth about 200 rupees, a piece of land measuring about 15 acres at Vullurn in the Kistna District. The interest upon the twelth part of the fund (10,000 rupees,) presented by the late lamented M. R. Ry Pyda Ramakristniah. (2) A young Brahman gentleman of the Iyengar sect living in the Mayavarum Taluq, holding a situation in the depart-

*Yes! I would now with fuller knowledge venture to deny that native Christians are taking the place that they ought to take in the national life of India.

ment of public works is willing to marry a virgin widow of the same sect who will bring with her an appreciable dowry.

Wednesday.—Sir William Hunter, the greatest English authority of Indian affairs, in a speech reported in last week's English papers states that Indian Christianity dates back to the Nestorian missions of the second century. This is what history says, but tradition asserts very strongly that St. Thomas the apostle was the first bearer of glad tidings to India. The number of Roman coins of the Augustan period, and the decades immediately following, discovered during recent years, (Mr. Little of Karur made a large find) has proved beyond contradiction that Roman commerce in the apostolic age had reached to South India. Under these circumstances it is not impossible that St. Thomas may have been the first preacher of Christianity in India. At any rate the Roman Church has recognised the truth of those traditions and has numerous relics of the apostle and two churches dedicated to him in the immediate neighbourhood of Madras. To-day we drove out to St. Thomas' Mount to visit one of those churches. Our Munshi, who lived close by, and is himself a Lutheran, made a capital guide. We were shown a small room under the church, excavated from the rock, where St. Thomas was hidden from his persecutors for a long while, and where he celebrated the mass, but was ultimately discovered and taken away to be martyred. In the top of the rock on which the church was built is a cleft, made it is said, by St. Thomas striking the rock to obtain water, and in it is a spring which never runs dry. At the foot of the rock is the little church which dates back only a couple of centuries but was doubtless built on the site of others of greater antiquity. In the church we were shown the "cars," which are used by the Catholics on festival days in imitation of the

heathern "cars" on which the idols are taken round the streets; only instead of taking images of Siva or Vishnu, they take images of Our Lord, the Madonna, and the Archangel Michael contending with the Devil. The great festival when the cars are taken round the streets will be held here on April 29. The adoption of such a custom as this by any branch of the Christian Church enables one to understand Buckle's contention, in his "History of Civilisation," that Constantine converted Christianity, rather than that he was converted by it. It is also some vindication for the assertion so often made by Protestants that Roman Catholic Missions owe much of their apparent success to the fact that they concede everything to the existing superstitions of the people. Our guide evidently believed in the tradition of the sacred spring and the room where St. Thomas had lived; but, having shown us these, he said: "What I have shown you I believe in, but now I am going to show you something about which I am suspicious, because I notice that Europeans are always unsettled in their minds when I show it to them." Unsettled we certainly were when he showed us the marks on the rock where St. Thomas had once slipped in running from his pursuers. His footprint was at least two feet long, and the length of his arm from elbow to fingers was three yards, for I measured it. After a cup of native tea with the Munshi, which was the most horrible concoction imaginable, we returned home a little less "unsettled in our minds" as to the probability of St. Thomas's mission to India. It should be added that there are Christians also on the West Coast who called themselves "St. Thomas's Christians" when the Portuguese first landed there, and asserted that their ancestors were converts of the apostle.

Saturday.—To-day we have seen a great Hindu Festival It is being held at the temple of Mylapur, the parish in

which Leith Castle is situated. In former days this festival was a great affair, but its glory has sadly departed, or rather I should say, happily departed. Mrs. Geden, Ethel and I set off a little before seven o'clock this morning expecting a great crush. To our surprise, on arriving at the sacred tank, a large artificial lake covering several acres, we found the streets comparatively empty. We accordingly drove to the gate of the temple where the huge car was standing. It was an unwieldly object, with wheels much like those of a traction engine, only larger. It was pagoda shape, and ornamented (?) with the most horrible figures. The car is pulled by men dragging huge cables three times as thick as ones wrist. Behind the greater car in which Siva was to ride were two smaller cars for his wives. Here we met with two other members of the missionary party, one of whom (Miss Lyth) took us to the house of one of her school teachers, in the verandah of which we had a good view of the procession. It was a miserable affair. Instead of the immense crowd of olden times, there was only a very small concourse excluding the five hundred or so of coolies who were dragging the heavy ropes. There was not a sign of devotion or rapt religious feeling on the part of any of the spectators whom we saw. Simpson was preaching in Tamil at another point in the procession, when a Brahman came up to him and said to him, "It is a mistake for you missionaries to come here. We know very well that a great deal of this is nonsense and has nothing to do with religion, but men won't listen to you here." This was a great concession for a Brahman to make. The schoolmaster in whose house we were sitting, said very much the same with reference to his feelings as to the proceedings of the day. The procession consisted merely of the 500 men pulling the cars, the three cars, and about a dozen Brahmans who

walked behind the cars chanting the Vedas. There was nothing beautiful, nothing enthusiastic, nothing devotional about the proceedings. Sanger's circus going through the streets of an English provincial town would appear as much like a religious ceremony as this did. And it is little to be wondered at, nay it would rather be a cause for wonder if in a centre like Madras, where Christianity is a real power, and education is making such rapid strides, a religion, which in its popular manifestations utterly lacks spiritual, moral, or material beauty could hold its own, and preserve the former popularity of such a foolish mummery as I have just described.

Monday.—This evening Subramanyam had a garden party for native Christians, in order to bring them together, and let them know each other. He invited a few missionaries who were "in sympathy with the natives."* These were his own words as he put it to me on Friday night. I am glad to say that we came under this heading. Missionaries out of "sympathy with the natives" ought to be as great a curiosity as the Dodo or the Megatherium, but I am afraid they are not. It was a most delightful gathering. There were about sixteen of us Anglo-Indians, and about 100 Indians. He has a most lovely garden, with a splendid fernery, fountains, and a Badminton Court. The arrangements for the entertainment of the guests were strictly European, but in one respect it differed strikingly from an English garden party. These native men and women don't understand the mingling of the sexes in such friendly intercourse as is customary in European society. The consequence of this was that the men and

*This statement, and the incident related by Dr. Jesudasan on page 82 were referred to in my Conference speech, and were misrepresented in the *Methodist Times*' summary as having both happened on the same occasion and with the same native Christian gentleman. I am now in correspondence with Mr. Subramanyam with reference to this error.

women formed separate little groups of their own sex. Of course this did not apply to our host and hostess, whose long English residence when Subramanyan was reading for the bar, has thoroughly Anglicised them. During the evening I had a most interesting conversation with S. Satthianathan, M.A., LL.B. Cantab, a Foundation Scholar of Corpus Christi College. He is the son of one of the ablest native ministers of the C. M. S., and was until a few months since one of the Professors at Kumbakonam College. He is very desirous that I should remove to Kumbakonam, and thinks it is the finest centre in South India for mission work, and it is unoccupied. He made rather a startling indictment of the result of English education upon the Indian character, stating that in his opinion the present greed for rupees and struggle for lucrative posts which characterizes the educated Hindus was entirely foreign to the Hindu character, and was partly the result of an age of transition, but was largely due to the effects of our Western education. I had one or two other interesting conversations, and came away having enjoyed the evening much more than an average English party.

March 30th, 1888.—This month is drawing to a close and I must finish this letter or I shall exceed the postal limit of weight. India seems to agree splendidly with Ethel, and my health is considerably improved, but I am still below par and I don't like the climate at all. Two days ago I mounted the weighing machine expecting the month would have put on about 14lb, but instead of that found I had lost 1lb., leaving me still 30lb. or so below my last English weight. I could do very well without that amount of adipose tissue if I regained my strength and energy, but at present I have not done so, and don't look forward very cheerfully to the return, next month, to Tiruvalur. Here we are

working steadily at Tamil, having the Munshi every day for two hours. Ethel makes such progress as even surprised the impassive Munshi, and led him in surprise to say the other day when he found she had triumphed over a difficult exercise. "For the feminine gender that is too hard to learn."

Some of my correspondents complain that I spell native names indistinctly, and at times differently. That is the fault of the names. Here are different spellings of the place where I live, all of which I have seen. Tiruvalur, Teruvaloor, Teruvalore, Teroovaloor, Teruvarur, Trivallur, Trivalur, Trivalore, Trivaloor, &c.

LETTER VII.

LEITH CASTLE,
MADRAS,
April 1, 1888.

MORE acclimatisation!! I am getting very tired both of the word and what it represents. I began with another attack of fever last night and expect to find myself in a few days more just about where I was when I arrived in Madras a month since. This is disheartening, but it is no use grumbling. Both the sub-editor and the editor still say "*Nil desperandum!*" and believe that all will come right.

Two or three of my correspondents have been asking what reading I am able to do out here, and in default of anything more interesting, I will write a few lines in answer to these enquiries. To begin with the language, four hours a day *ought* to be given to Tamil and I hope to keep up to this standard after our return to Tiruvalur, for the next two years; but it will be an advance on what I have done hitherto. In medicine I read the *British Medical Journal* every week, and try to read as much of my standard medical works as will keep me fresh in these subjects. In religious literature I have been reading Matthew Arnold's "Paul and Protestantism," Maurice's "Social Morality" and Macdonald's "Life of Punshon," but I have been more especially devoting myself to another branch of literature. It seemed to me when I left England that four years' medical study, with political debates and actual politics as a diversion was a pretty strong influence

in one direction, and needed some counteracting force to keep the resultant right. A Catholic friend gave me Newman's "Apologia" for a wedding present, and I enjoyed it so much, despite its strong anti-Liberalism, that I brought out with me the eight volumes of Newman's sermons, and have been reading some of them together with two works "Catholic in the best sense of the word," and Scupoli's "Spiritual Combat," translated by Dr. Pusey, and a little work by a French monk, entitled "The Practice of the Presence of God." My attention was attracted to the last named book by a most interesting letter of John Henry Shorthouse's written to a friend of Mrs. Geden's and of which she kindly allowed me to take a copy. The letter is an explanation of John Inglesant's apparent inconsistency. As I am sure every reader of that book will be glad to have the author's opinion of his own creation, I will give an extract from this letter. "It is rather difficult," Shorthouse writes, "to reply to your son's question. It is not however a new one. Two years ago Lord Acton sent a long criticism to Miss M. Gladstone which she sent to me, in which Lord Acton complained that there was no clue to John Inglesant's 'Extreme nobleness of character.' As I had heard him abused previously as 'a weak scoundrel who ought to have been hung,' this was rather amusing, but I suggested, and Miss Gladstone cordially agreed with me, that the clue to John Inglesant's life was evident in every page of the book—his devotion to the 'Ideal of Christ.' At the Sacrament at Little Gidding, his first insight into the divine life is through the figure of the Saviour in prison and in distraction of mind and body he consoles himself with the idea of Jesus. In Paris his mind is occupied with the same ideal, though he cannot bring himself to follow Cressy's advice as to serving him. In every page of his life in Italy the idea of Jesus is prominent.

Inglesant tells the old Duke that he finds him in every commission. The crises of his life all turn on the same idea, and his last words recommended a following of Christ. I confess I cannot see what more could have been done to make this plain. The history of religious thought, of the world, and of individual experience has conclusively proved that the reception of the ideal of Christ has been the most efficacious means of promoting man's intimate communion with God. 'No man cometh to the father but by me,' is more than Oriental Metaphor . . . . The man who lives consistently and continually in communion with this ideal cannot fail to be very different from the man who does not, however much circumstances may be in his case more favourable than in the other, however much he may himself be inferior in strength of pupose, or of will, however much he may at times yield to temptation; the position he occupies places him upon an incomparably higher platform than the other." It is strange to read this statement of the author's purpose in writing this wonderful romance, and then to remember that the Roman Church has placed this work in its "Index Expurgatorius." To return to my books: in politics I have been reading the *Methodist Times*! The Pall Mall Budget, a volume of "Dadabhai Naoroji's Essays on Indian questions," and the number of minor works on the C.D. Acts' question. This last is a bad business in India, and a sad blot on a Christian Government. Fiction I have read freely during my illness, and have finished three of George Eliot's, one of Kingsley's, two of Dickens', one of Haggart's, and one of Thackeray's novels. This is more fiction than I have read for two years.

This attack of fever has been very slight, and beyond weakening me again and slightly reducing my weight, has left little effects and is now a thing of the past. To-day at the request of Mr. Patterson I went to see over

the Christian College. It is a marvellous institution. Founded by the Rev. John Anderson, of the Free Presbyterian Church in 1837, it has grown rapidly, until to-day it is almost if not quite the largest educational establishment in India. The name "Christian College" indicates that it is under missionary management. Indeed, with the exception of Mr. Patterson, who belongs to our society, and two science professors, all the professors are ordained ministers of the Free Presbyterian Church; at the same time students of all creeds are admitted, and Christian and Sivite, Mohammedan and Vishnavite have equal privileges. There are at present on the books 1,750 students of all ages from seven or eight to twenty-five. It begins with elementary education, and takes the students right up to the B.A. degree. It is divided into two separate sections,—the college proper, educating from Matriculation to B.A., a four years' course, and this section embraces about 500 students; and the school, which numbers about 1,250 boys, and educates from A B C up to Matriculation. On our arrival we were taken into the examination hall, a magnificent building, where Professor Patterson was conducting an examination in his two subjects of "History" and "Political Economy." About twenty-five of the men were taking each paper. That on "Constitutional History" was a particularly stiff one. As I don't know anything about political economy I will not express any opinion on that. After duly admiring the hall we climbed the lofty tower, which was rebuilt two years ago at a cost of about 25,000 rupees (about £2,000). From thence we had a splendid view of Madras, which from such a bird's-eye view, well vindicates its name of "The City of Gardens." In the lower parts of the tower are a few small but airy class-rooms, in which small classes of students were being taught the rater vernacular languages and Sanscrit. We

then visited the different lecture-rooms and class-rooms, and found one lecturer with a class of 220 students reading for the first B.A., and another class reading for the same examination numbering 140, were listening to another lecturer. In the class-room of those who were reading for the final B.A., we saw the only lady student in the college. She is the daughter of a native minister, and is bravely leading the way, and it is hoped that her example will be largely followed.. After seeing the Chemical Laboratory, a most commodious building, and the Physics Museum, which was well supplied with electrical and optical instruments, we crossed a kind of quadrangle and came to the Christian Students' Home. Two sides of the quadrangle are formed by the college, the third by the Church of the Free Presbyterians, which the Synod is likely to present to the college as a College Chapel, and the fourth by the home just mentioned. The last named building has been put up by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Principal of the College. out of his own private purse, at a cost of 40,000 rupees (£2,800). Behind the building is the home for Brahman students, also built by Dr. Miller at a cost of 32,000 rupees (£2,240). When the chapel is handed over, as it is almost certain to be, the whole will complete what will be little short of a Residential University. Each of the two students' homes that I have mentioned contains rooms for about seventy students, and it is Dr. Miller's intention to build a third similar home for Hindu students not Brahmans. The management of these homes is vested entirely in the students themselves, and the arrangement has answered admirably, Dr. Miller only reserving to himself the right of veto, a right which I believe he never uses. Each student pays from one to two rupees a month rental for his rooms, and so great is the demand for these rooms that a list is regularly kept of candidates for admis-

sion, each of whom pays one rupee to have his name inserted on the list. As vacancies occur, a fresh inmate is elected from the list by a general vote of the residents of that home. Not only have they the power of electing new residents, but they have also the right by a vote of the general meeting to expel any ill-behaved member of their little community. Such an arrangement successfully carried out speaks volumes for the sound common-sense of that sturdy trust in human nature which has led this noble Scotchman to hand over the buildings he has erected to the government of those for whom he built them. It is the same faith in human nature which leads the Scotch nation to support by an overwhelming majority the policy of Mr. Gladstone of putting trust in the Irish people.

To return to the college. I omitted one most interesting feature, namely, the dining-room, which is divided by partitions into thirty-six small compartments, the inmates of each being invisible to the rest. This arrangement has been made to accommodate thirty-six of the different sects of the different castes. Any eight students of any one sect may join together and apply for one of these rooms if a vacancy occur (at present all are occupied), and each eight have their own servant. The reason for this extraordinary arrangement is that a good Brahman breaks caste if he eats in the presence of others who are not of his own particular sect. I say "sect," because there are an infinite number of divisions amongst Brahmans, and a Vishnavite Brahman would not eat before a Sivite Brahman, and vice versa. One of the best informed of my correspondents asks how it is that the rich Babus do not pay for their own education. This question shows how little our best supporters are told of the real workings of our missionary society. Excepting the girls' schools—which are small and of very recent origin, and they are rapidly improving—there are no mission

schools in the Presidency which are not mainly supported by fees and Government grants. The money paid by the missionary society generally goes only towards the support of European professors or principals. In the case of the Christian College, out of an expenditure for the last year of Rs. 100,000, the fees amounted to close on Rs. 50,000, and the Government grant to close on Rs. 18,000, whilst the missionary committees contributed Rs. 27,000 (£1,900). It may seem to English friends that £2,000 is a large sum to expend yearly; but when it is realised that for this sum over 1,700 students are being trained in what is practically a university under a powerful Christian influence, I think no one will grudge the money. For my own part, I came away feeling that this was an institution of which every Christian Englishman might well be proud.*

Friday.—At Subramanyam's garden party last week I met Dr. Jesudasan again, at whose house Ethel and I met the Church missionaries last November. He has been organising lately a Medical Students' Bible Union, and has already got a membership of forty native Christian medical students. He asked me to give them an address, and I consented. We have had the meeting this evening. I took for my subject, "The Special Dangers of a Medical Man's Life," and dwelt on the three dangers—1st, of constant contact with suffering weakening one's power of sympathy; 2nd, constant contact with the effects of certain sins weakening our natural abhorrence of these sins; and, 3rd, the danger lest the nature of our life's work, and the constant tendency of the man of science to seek for a material cause for every effect, should destroy the spiritual side of our character. I very much enjoyed the meeting, and it

* My more mature view is that the Christian College ought to be *the* University College for the native Christians of South India, a small proportion of whom are at present benefited by it.

made me wish the more heartily—and I have had a good many such longings of late—that I could be somewhere where I could work amongst young men,—Kumbakonam, Madras, or——

Saturday.—Jesudasan asked me last night to dine with him this evening, and have a quiet chat over the working of this Bible Union. He is a most able and cultured man, M.A. in Natural Science, and M.D. and Master of Surgery of Madras University. He was the first native of India to be appointed public officer of health, which post he holds under the Madras Municipality. I was very glad to have the opportunity of two or three hours' talk with such a man. His house and everything about it were, like Subramanyam's, thoroughly English in style as far as a house in India could be. I was sorry to find in him the same tone of dissatisfaction with the attitude of many European missionaries towards the natives, though I am glad to say that he specially excepted Patterson and Simpson, of our Mission, and Goldsmith, of the C. M. S., from his strictures. I cannot understand men who come out to this country to preach Christ, and yet are not prepared to meet an educated Hindu gentleman or native Christian, such as Jesudasan, on terms of social equality. He told me of an incident that happened when the old Christian College students were presenting Dr. Miller with an address on the occasion of his receiving the C. I. E. (Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire), he, as president of the testimonial committee, was receiving a number of invited guests. Though he was in full academicals with the M.D. hood on, a well-known missionary silently declined to shake hands with him. Jesudasan happened to be a native Christian, but, supposing he had been a Hindu, how would he have been likely to have felt with regard to Christianity for the rest of his life?*

*I am glad to say that the missionary to whom this incident refers was not a Wesleyan

He told me some extraordinary facts about the sanitary defects in the native dwellings. There are actually in the municipality of Madras hundreds of mud huts, conical shape, two feet high at the entrance and eight or ten at the centre, and eight feet in diameter, and these huts accommodate families of six for sleeping, eating, &c. This puts London rookeries in the shade. He gave me several valuable hints for my intended lectures on "The Science of Health," if I am ever able to carry out my programme of lectures. Before leaving I gave him as many hints about the management of the Bible Union as I could, but that did not amount to a great deal.

I have a very definite scheme in my head now, on which I hope in a few days to write an article, which with all modesty would, I believe, clear away nine-tenths of our missionary difficulties in financial matters.

It is to divide our missionary territory amongst the home districts (my Episcopalian correspondents will please read dioceses for "districts"). I would then make each home district responsible for the financial support of a foreign district, the grant to which at present corresponds to the amount of the contributions from that particular district. People would then know to what mission they were giving their money, and it would be very easy to rouse the enthusiasm of a district to establish such a work as that which I wish to begin at Kumbakonam. There are many other advantages which I won't enumerate just now.

April 17th, Tuesday. After four or five days out of order, I finished up last night with my fifth attack of fever. It was a very slight affair, and a few heavy doses of quinine have arrested it; but it is an unpleasant reminder of my susceptibility to the influences of the Indian climate. When I have these attacks of fever on me I feel as if I should be home within twelve months, and then as soon as

I have shaken them off I find myself outlining programmes of work in India, which will take years to accomplish.

Monday, April 23.—Last week Patterson asked me to take his Scripture classes at the Christian College this week. He said that if instead of lecturing the whole hour, I invited discussion at various points, it would give me such an insight into the Hindu attitude towards Christianity, as it would be very difficult to obtain in any other way. The opportunity seemed too good a one to miss, and accordingly at ten o'clock this morning I found myself installed as lecturer for the week to a class of ninety students in the last year of their B.A. course, varying in age from 19 to 25.

Patterson, in introducing me, said: "I have no doubt many of you saw Dr. Lunn at the National Congress," a remark which put me at once in very good favour with them. The Gospel of St. Mark was the subject of their study, and the incident at which we commenced, and which indeed occupied us the whole morning, was the request of the Boanerges to sit on the right hand in Christ's glory. I followed Patterson's advice, and after every ten minutes or quarter hour's exposition, invited discussion. The following are some of the points raised in the different passages:—St. Mark x. 38, "Baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with." 1 What is meant here by baptism? 2. (An irrelevant question, but one of great meaning to these men), Is baptism necessary to salvation? I replied that if they meant, Would Socrates and Epictetus be kept out of heaven for want of baptism? I should say, certainly not. But if they meant to ask whether a man to whom baptism was the whole crux of receiving Christ and confessing Him before men, and who refused to take up that cross, could win the favour of God, it seemed to me very plain that by that very refusal he

was keeping himself away from God. Verse 40: Why could not Christ give this position to whom He chose, if He were really God? (My answers take up too much space). Verse 45: "To give His life a ransom for many." 1. Why was it necessary for Christ to undergo such an especially cruel and barbarous death? 2. In our law one man cannot expiate the sins of another man. Why should the Divine justice be so contrary to our ideas of justice?

Wednesday.—To-day we resumed our study of St. Mark at chapter x., verse 46. On verse 51, "Lord, that I may receive my sight," one of the men asked, "Was Bartimæus right in thus unconditionally asking for that to be restored to him, which might be a source of continual temptation to him?" This was a strange illustration of the fatalism of the Hindus, which leads them to accept without a struggle any unpleasant conditions, and of the pessimism which leads them to regard existence itself as an evil. After discussing this point the men raised the old question of the Pharisees, "What sin had this man committed that he should be blind?"

Friday.—We had commenced the study of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem last day, and resumed it to-day, eliciting the following questions: 1. "If all the prophecies pointed to the advent of the Messiah at this time, and if, as you say, the Jewish world was on the tip-toe of expectancy, and the vulgar populace were actually greeting Jesus as the Christ, why did the educated men, who would understand these prophecies far better than the mob, stand aloof from or in opposition to the movement?" 2. "If the time has really passed by for the fulfilment of these prophecies, why are the Jews so illogical as to refuse to accept Jesus as the Christ, and to still look for the coming of their Messiah?"

The barren fig-tree is a favourite point of attack in the

pamphlets of Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, &c., which are read by these men, and I expected some more vigorous criticisms than the two questions—"Why did Christ curse the fig-tree?" and "Why did He expect figs when the time of figs was not yet?" The last question of the day was a type of a mean, carping kind of criticism which some of the inferior spirits among the Hindus borrow from men like Ingersoll, "Are we to take our morality from a person who would carry off another man's ass's colt without his permission?" I sat on that question rather roughly, but with the decided approval of the majority of the class. Altogether the three days' lectures were a most pleasant experience, and the men yesterday asked me to take the chair at their Debating Society to-night.

The subject of to-night's debate has been, "That the Higher Branches of the Indian Military Service should be opened to the Natives." There were about eighty present, and we had a capital discussion, lasting two and a half hours. The men had evidently taken full note of Patterson's remark in introducing me, as several of them referred during the discussion to "the loyalty which our chairman would see manifested at the Congress." The subject was one warmly debated at the National Congress; and Lord Brassey, in a recent speech, has shown the reasonableness of the demand, stating that Wellesley admitted a native general to his staff in his Indian campaign, and that the Russians invariably admit the officers of conquered races to a good position in their army. After the debate, which ended in a majority for the motion of more than ten to one, I gave a fifteen minutes' speech, and was then escorted to my carriage by about fifty of the students, who cheered enthusiastically as I drove away. (Sub-Editor says this ought to have been omitted!)

Saturday.—The journal must finish for this month. Ethel and the baby are both doing splendidly, and we hope to return to Tiruvalur on Wednesday fortnight. My health is also much improved the last few days. They had a discussion at Royapettah the other day as to baby's name, and decided that it should combine his mother's name with two of his striking characteristics and be Ethel*bald* Ethel*red*. This is too bad. Talking of names some of my correspondents complain of the difficulty of deciphering native names. The following is the name of *one* of my pupils at the Christian College this week: Rajadhiraja Rajagambhira Rajakolakala Rajaparameswara Pandemandala Cholamandala Prathapanacharya Srimat Hiranyagarbhayaji Ravikula Muthuviya Raghunatha Rajah Bhaskarasawmy Setupati, Zemindar of Ramnad. He is an Indian prince with an income of £70,000 a year, and I took the name from an invitation-card asking Patterson to his wedding. We are not going to call baby after him.

NOTE.

In the *Harvest Field* of June, 1889, Principal Miller of the Madras Christian College, stated that I was a "disappointed candidate for employment" in that institution. About the same time, Rev. Marshall Hartley, Wesleyan Missionary Secretary, is reported to have said in various speeches delivered in my native county of Lincolnshire that my relation to the educational work in India was another case of the "fox and the grapes;" that a professor in the Madras Christian College had died; that I had applied for his post, and had failed to get it, and had therefore come home to denounce the educational system. Without any further account of my relations to the Madras Christian College than is contained in this letter it might appear that these statements were justifiable. I therefore append extracts from the only two private

letters of mine which I have been able to obtain which deal with this question. These two letters prove conclusively that Principal Miller and Mr. Hartley were entirely mistaken in supposing that disappointment was the motive of my criticism.

Letter to the Rev. Arthur Hoyle, dated Leith Castle, Madras, May 9th, 1888.

As to my present position at this moment—I am beginning with my third night of my sixth attack of fever, which is not a *very* bad attack, but it is weakening me very much. This kind of thing cannot go on for ever, and if I have much more fever the question will solve itself, and I shall invalid myself home. Patterson, the acting chairman of this district and professor at the Christian College, has suggested another alternative. He wishes very much to keep me in India; but he sees the utter absurdity of Tiruvalur, and he suggest that I should accept a place on the professorial staff of the Christian College, and lecture on Physiology, Biology, or some such subject. My present plan, which may, however, be modified before it is carried out, is as follows:—We shall return to Tiruvalur in a few days: I shall at once make careful enquiries about Kumbakonam, and shall go carefully into all the necessities of my own circuit. I shall then write a long letter to Mr. Jenkins describing at length the present condition of my health; the absurdity of my being stationed at Tiruvalur, and the possibility of work at Kumbakonam. I shall then insist that he puts before the committee the alternative of either recalling me at once on the ground of my health, or granting me £1000 to open a mission at Kumbakonam. I should like to know what you and Bradfield think of this programme.

Letter to the Rev. Arthur Hoyle, dated Negapatam, July 8th, 1888.

I am very anxious to hear what you think of my letter to the committee. Every one here—the most judicious men, such as Findlay and Patterson — approves of it heartily; but it is the probable result of it that you will most likely deplore (Mr. Hughes wishes me to stay in India). I have stated my alternatives and I mean to stick to them—either £1000 or I leave this district. Before this reaches you the committee may have accepted the alternative of recalling me, and Hughes may have secured me for the West London Mission. If this has not been done I think it very likely I shall get an appointment on the professorial staff of the Christian College for two years as lecturer on Scripture, Greek and Roman history, and English literature. Patterson thinks he can get me this post for two years. At the end of two years if the missionary society had plenty of money, I could start my medical mission, and if not I could honourably come home with a thorough knowledge of India and mission work. This programme commends itself to me excepting on one ground. I do not believe I can stay in India because of my health. I try to make as light of it as possible in my journal because the home folks get into such panics—but I am still very unwell; I have not strength for more than two orthree hours' work a day. What I fear if I went to the Christian College is that my energy would consume me. In this hot climate one's brain works at such a pace and with such fatal facility that it is the hardest thing to avoid mental overstrain. In Tiruvalur there is very little temptation to overwork, but even there I have to keep pulling myself in. Since last I wrote to you, besides my Tamil and my missionary work, I have re-read Maurice's "Social

Morality," (a glorious book), and have read Rigg's "Anglican Theology"; Westcott's "Christus Consummator," and his "Social Aspects of Christianity," (another splendid work); Bose's "Brahmoism," and "Dale on the Atonement," (nearly through), and I am well started with Martineau's, "Types of Ethical Theory." I am carefully indexing all these works. But in Madras the temptations to work present themselves on every hand—religious meetings, social meetings, political work, and all the life that centres in the Christian College would be constant sources of much enjoyable excitement. All this is a real danger to me, and while the Christian College attracts me immensely, I cannot but feel that a recall to England would be the best thing for me.

LETTER VIII.

LEITH CASTLE, MADRAS,
May 1st, 1888.

THE heat has been steadily increasing of late, and yesterday I took a Bible-class at Royapettah College, with the shade thermometer standing well over 95degs.

The Gedens went yesterday to the hills, and as their lease of this house terminated yesterday, they are not returning here, and we have taken it, and shall be tenants for the next fortnight. An amusing incident happened to-day. It seems that the Rajah of Vencatagherry, a native prince, living in Madras, is thinking of taking Leith Castle during the hot weather for some of his wives and children to stay at. Accordingly, to-day one of his servants came to inspect the place, bringing with him a thermometer, sundial, and compass, and spent two or three hours about the place, ascertaining the temperature and the direction of the wind at different hours on the four sides of the bungalow.

Wednesday, May, 9th.—This morning I returned rather hurriedly from what ought to have been a very enjoyable expedition with Will Simpson. He is at present Superintendent of the Madurantikum Circuit, but will not go to live there until the autumn. Madurantikum is a town about forty miles from Madras, and Simpson has a large high school in the town itself, and two or three smaller schools in the circuit. The supervision of these schools is Simpson's main duty at present in this circuit, and as he is still on the staff of the Royapettah College, and has

other work in Madras, he only gets to his circuit once a month. It was for one of these monthly tours that we set out on Monday night. We left Madras by the 6.10 p.m. train, and reached Chingloput at 9.30 p.m. I had been feeling unwell all day, and found on taking my temperature that I was in for an attack of fever. This was not a comfortable prospect, with an all-night bullock drive before us, but Simpson required me for a meeting the next day, so we put the best face possible on it, and trusting to some quinine I had brought with me to put me right next day, we ordered our bullock bandies. It was a beautiful night for travelling, only that the moon was rather late in rising. The temperature was about 85degs. and it was a dead calm.

At 10.30 the bandies were ready, only in consequence of their not anticipating two customers, the straw which was intended for the floor of one bandy had been divided between the two of us, an arrangement which did not increase the comforts of our night's journey. These bandies are very much like a costermonger's cart with a cover. They are about seven feet long by one and a-half feet wide, and about three feet from the bottom of the bandy to the roof. Having put on our sleeping suits, we crawled into these tube-like vehicles, rolled ourselves up in rugs, and prepared ourselves to make the best of it. To the traveller unused to these vehicles, one seems to be travelling about eight miles an hour, the bandy shakes so much (no springs of course), and the bullocks make a great pattering as though they were going at break-neck speed, but when we reached our journey's end at 6.30 a.m., we had covered eighteen miles in the eight hours without a halt, and it had been a night! In addition to the fever, I had three *small* boils on the back of my head, about half-a-dozen down my back, and one about the

size of half-a-crown on my right knee, and two on my right arm, luckily the left side was free, and I had to make the best of small mercies. This led Simpson to quote John Wesley's remark to a fellow-worker with whom he was tramping Cornwall, when they had both worn the skin off their backs and one side. "Let us thank God we have still one sound side." What spoiled the quotation was that Simpson had two sound sides, a sound back, and was in most exasperatingly good health.

The place we had now arrived at, Uttramallur, was the place of second importance in Simpson's circuit, a town of 5,000 inhabitants. He had written last week to the Tahsildar (a District Judge with special jurisdiction in questions concerning land), to say that I was coming with him, and asking if he would have a room in the court, as there is no European house in the town. Immediately on arriving he sent word to this official, and in a few minutes the Tahsildar appeared, and expressed his extreme willingness not merely to give us a room in the court, but to place the whole court at our disposal. Simpson was not at all upset by this extraordinary offer, but thanked him in a way that might have left the man under the impression that we *usually* took our meals in the Judge's apartments of the various towns we visited. I protested that it must be a serious inconvenience, but he assured us that it would not be, as he could easily hold the court in his house that day, so in half-an-hour his servants had removed all that he required for the day, and we found ourselves installed as sole occupants of the Court of Justice of Uttramallur with prison accommodation attached for any thirty of our friends who might care to see us. I should add that this man was not a Christian by any means, but a Vishnavite Sudra, with the trident of Vishnu on his forehead.

After breakfast we proceeded to inspect the school, which was not a very lengthy proceeding, the school being at present only a primary one, and the main object of our present visit being to take steps to raise it to the middle school standard. A public meeting had been summoned for four o'clock, and I think it was one of the most extraordinary meetings I ever attended. It was held in the hundred-pillared mundapum of the Vishnavite temple. These temples are built on the plan of the Jewish temple, with an innermost "Holy of Holies," containing the idol's shrine, an inner "Holy Place," to which only caste men are admitted, and an "outer Court of the Gentiles," where Pariahs, Mussulmans and Europeans may come and go. It was in this last-named that we held our meeting to arrange for the building of a Christian school. The chair was taken by a wealthy Vishnavite landlord, and Simpson gave a capital opening speech, in which he laid it down plainly that the Christian religion would be definitely taught in the new school, "but," he added, "our great Guru (teacher) has taught us that it is far more important to make a man good than to make him a proselyte." He finally asked his heathen audience how much they would be prepared to guarantee towards the new school. After an hour-and-a-half's discussion, in which I took a very slight part, a number of the leading men promised to guarantee one-third of the cost, an arrangement with which Simpson was very well satisfied.

After the meeting I found my temperature was still rising, so we decided that as the main object of the trip was accomplished, I should give up my intention of seeing Madurantikum and its schools, and make a rush for the midnight train. By means of the heavy bribe of two annas (2d.) each to our drivers, we succeeded in covering

the fifteen miles to Madurantikum in the extraordinarily short time of five and a-half hours. There I caught the midnight train, and leaving Simpson at Madurantikum, reached Madras safely in the early morning.

Monday, May 14th.—This last attack of fever has not been at all severe, but it lasted until Saturday, so I concluded it would be best to accept an invitation from Goudie, who is now in charge of the Central Mission House during Patterson's holiday, to stay there a few days before going south. We accordingly left Leith Castle today, and shall stay here (Royapettah) until Saturday.

Friday, May 18th.—Yesterday I took Goudie to call on Captain Maynard, the Salvation Army Officer, who stayed a night with us at Tiruvalur, in February. Goudie was so pleased with the interview that he invited Maynard and his fellow officer to breakfast this morning. During and after breakfast we had a long discussion on their present methods and success. Since February they have made two rather important changes in their methods. They have discontinued the red, yellow, and blue horizontal marks on the forehead, as they found, to quote Maynard, "The natives first took them for heathen and then for impostors." They have also discontinued their vegetarianism, not a day too soon, as seven out of the Jubilee fifty who came to India in August last have already returned home invalided. These two changes are illustrative of that readiness to adapt themselves to circumstances which is at once their strength and their danger. It is their strength in missionary enterprise, because by it they became "all things to all men." It is their danger when it tempts them on mere ground of expediency to neglect the plain commands of Christ with regard to the observance of the two Sacraments. That they are making headway in India is unmistakable. Goudie and Simpson were

both surprised at their record for the past twelve months. In the North they have been working for some time, and are making many more converts than in the South, where they have only been working about a year. But even down here they claim to have made two hundred converts, of whom twenty have gone as cadets to their Indian training home. This last is the most important item, as the Salvationists offer their converts nothing but maintenance if they become soldiers, about five rupees (seven shillings) a month; while we give our catechists from fifteeen rupees to twenty-five rupees. The truth is that this Indian Salvation Army experiment is based absolutely on the principle of self-sacrifice, and herein lies its great strength. Our friends at home may be kind enough to believe that our ordinary missionaries are "offering ourselves up, &c." in coming out here, but it doesn't present itself thus to the average native mind. Taking all the great English missionary societies, S.P.G., C.M.S., Wesleyan, London Missionary, Baptist and Presbyterian, the average missionary income is about three hundred pounds a year and house. I am sure no one at home will think that this is a penny too much; and from the English standpoint it certainly is not. But how does it look to the natives? Three hundred pounds, at the present rate of exchange, is four thousand five hundred rupees, and the average wages of the agricultural labourer here are four rupees per month. It will thus be seen at once that our incomes bear the same relation to those of the working classes here that the Bishop of Lincoln's income does to that of the Lincolnshire peasant. Great as have been the services rendered to Christian theology and apologetics by the occupants of the English Episcopal Bench, no one looks to the Bishops to carry out the evangelization of the masses. And what is true for England is true for India.

The great bulk of the people here will not soon be affected by men as far removed from them socially, as my brethern and I are. I suppose some of my correspondents will ask at once, "Then why don't you save the Missionary Society four thousand four hundred rupees per annum, and live in this fashion?" The answer is very simple, and it is just this: that I am not so imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice as to be prepared to kill myself and Ethel in twelve months. I believe that I have shown often enough in these letters that the average missionary is really doing a noble self-sacrificing work, and a work amongst these higher class natives that these Salvationists could hardly do. But this belief in the mission work of the past does not prevent me from acknowledging, cheerfully, that these men have realized a standard of self-sacrifice and devotion so complete and entire as to make our petty trials and difficulties seem altogether mean and insignificant. However, their system is still on its trial, and it remains to be seen whether Englishmen and Englishwomen can live in India on one shilling and sixpence a week, and carry on such a work without a fearful expenditure of life and health.

In B's last letter, referring to the Salvation Army experiment, he says:—"I should like to know the missionary answer to an idea that has often come to me in reading your letters. When Paul planted Christianity in the East, he must have baptized converts much more readily than our missionaries do, and what is more, he left them to themselves very much. . . . . I want to know what would be thought of Paul's plan now." My experience is too brief to enable me to speak definitely on so important a matter; but as far as it goes it is all in favour of extending to our converts Mr. Gladstone's maxim of "Trust in the people, tempered by prudence." I

believe that another great feature in the success of the Salvation Army is to be found in the fact that they make their converts soldiers as quickly as possible, and if they have any ability, soon make them officers.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—We left Madras on Saturday, at seven a.m. The temperature in the shade on Friday had been one hundred degrees, and I expected a hot journey; but about mid-day the thermometer, which had risen to ninety-six degrees, dropped in an hour to eighty-two degrees, and we had a most grateful shower of rain. We reached Tiruvalur about an hour after midnight, and nobody was much the worse for the journey. I have had two days fever since, due probably to the sudden fall of temperature on Saturday, but it has passed away now. This was not an encouraging commencement to our second attempt to live in this place.

Thursday, May 24th.—The Munsiff called to-day with a pile of papers about the Christian College disturbance, which he had promised to bring, so that we might have full data for our discussion. I have not said anything about this disturbance because I wanted to see how it would terminate. It has been a most determined rebellion on the part of the students, and had it not been for Patterson's influence at various points the whole discipline of the college would have been shattered. The trouble originated in the decision of a Brahman student named Subroya Sastri to accept Christianity. He made known his wish to be baptized during the last week of April. Dr. Miller, the able principal of the college, is now absent in Scotland on furlough, a most unfortunate thing as the event has proved. It is Dr. Miller's invariable rule to make any student who wishes to become a Christian first face the persecution of his friends by avowing his decision, and then, in the event of any persecution, after it had been

borne, some missionary unconnected with the college might baptize the student. Patterson was very averse to any other plan being pursued in the present case, but unfortunately some younger men, with a zeal without knowledge, persisted in taking him into the house of the Rev. M. Rae, before his friends knew anything of his intentions. This was on Saturday, April 29th. The news spread rapidly amongst the students. A meeting was hurriedly summoned on Sunday evening, in one of the temples, and a deputation sent to Rae's house to request that the boy might not be baptized, or his caste broken, until his friends had been sent for, and allowed to interview him. Rae gave the required promise, but on Monday morning the students were still in a state of tremendous excitement, and the First Arts Class of 220 men were so disorderly that it was quite impossible for the work to proceed. At last the uproar became so great that Patterson and the acting principal, Mr. Cooper, went together to the room, suspended the whole class, expelled three of the students, and fined the remainder three rupees each. Then followed a great scene of excitement, the students thus suspended, refusing to leave the College, and crowding the corridors, which had to be forcibly cleared by the professors, in the course of which Patterson boxed some of the men's ears. At four o'clock in the afternoon a large meeting was held on the bench, the chair being taken by one of the best students in the Senior B.A. class, a Brahman named Gurusawmy Iyer. A series of strong resolutions, demanding an apology from Patterson, and the remission of the fine and sentences of expulsion and suspension pronounced in the morning, were proposed and seconded in speeches of a very violent character. About two hundred of the students signed a memorial stating that they would not return to the College until all these

demands were granted. The struggle lasted the whole week, and caused the greatest sensation all through India. All the native papers, the *Pioneer*, of Allahabad, a violent Anglo-Indian anti-mission paper, and several other journals supported the students. The College officials were wavering and the Senatus would certainly have succumbed if it had not been for Patterson's firmness. He, however, summoned a meeting of the Senatus for Saturday morning, May 5th, and there proposed a series of drastic resolutions, fining Gurusawmy Iyer twenty-five rupees, and all the forty speakers at the different public meetings ten rupees each, and giving them the alternative either to sign a complete apology before the following Wednesday, or to be expelled. Thirty-seven of the students signed the apology and paid the fine, but Gurusawmy Iyer and three others stood to their guns. Altogether the College authorities scored a tremendous disciplinary victory, which was enhanced by a telegram on the Thursday after the Wednesday fixed as the last day for the apology, from the Director of Public Instruction, to say that no expelled or recalcitrant student would be received into any Government aided college; a decision which prevents any of the students from entering any of the learned professions. So far, the Professors were victors, but as far as the convert was concerned it was a Pyrrhic victory On Friday, May 11th, Subroya Sastri's parents and wife arrived by steamer from Masulipatam. Their interview was a most pitiable scene. The wife threw her arms round his neck, the mother and some other woman each clutched an arm, and the father threw himself at his feet, and with much weeping besought him not to bring despair upon his family, and leave his beautiful young wife a widow and an outcast, for such she would be if he became a Christian. It was too much for

the poor fellow, and after a few hours of such entreaties he renounced his intention of becoming a Christian and went back to heathenism. Since the termination of the twofold struggle, long and bitter articles and letters have been appearing, issue after issue, in the *Hindu*, and a great attempt is being made to elevate a second grade college, at present only educating up to the First Arts Examination, into a first grade college as a rival to the Christian College. This will probably be done, but the Christian College is too strong to suffer much by any such rivalry. Amongst the many letters which have appeared in the *Hindu*, is a most admirable one from an old Brahman student, the excellent spirit of which is about as good a vindication of the *raison d'etre* of the college as would possibly be given.

I have, therefore, thought it worth while to give the following long extract from this letter. "What then is the cause of the present commotion? The policy and object of the college are plainly shown in its name. It has been started in obedience to Christ's command to his followers to preach the Gospel all over the world. All honour to the faithful missionaries who work with the conviction that men must only know Christ, to love Him and accept Him. The Christian College has existed and still exists for conversion. There have been conversions of college students in the past and there will be in the future. The Professors here are bound to teach the Bible and preach Christ. The present case of Mr. Subroya Sastri is not exceptionable. Then are we to blame the students entirely for the present? I think not. Some five months ago when I was in Madras, I came to know that the students were dissatisfied in the way in which Mr. L. was teaching the Bible and preaching Christ (the reference here is to one of the Professors whom the boys

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allege to have said that they might as well worship his boots as their idols. He denies having said this). In our days the Bible classes were a source of sublime pleasure. The dignified and peaceful way in which many conflicting ideas, thoughts, and principles were explained there, so as to produce light without heat, cannot be easily effaced from my memory; and the influence which the teaching of the Bible had in stimulating our young minds to think seriously about the highest problems of life appears even now remarkable to me. Mr. L. has unconsciously produced a large amount of heat in his efforts to spread light, the fire had been smoking for some months past, and the proposed conversion of Mr. Subroya Sastri set it in flames. Notwithstanding all the excuses I have pointed out the students are one and all guilty of breach of discipline. The charge of ingratitude and childish fanaticism may well be laid at their doors. From Carey of Serampore down to Dr. Miller, India has had many noble and philanthropic missionary labourers. Can it be estimated how much we owe to them? The present intellectual, moral, and spiritual awakening of the people of India is all entirely due to them and to their Christian spirit of love and charity. It is all very well for us now to say that we, as a nation should not depend on Christian missionaries for our education. Even the bitterest opponents of the Christian religion and the Christian system of proselytizing say, when they are calm, that India cannot afford to lose altogether the benefits of Christian educational institutions. Who can afford to lose the love and sympathy of a class of wise, disinterested, and noble labourers for what they sincerely consider the good of others? Where is the justification for our raising a hue and cry when occasionally a Hindu student becomes a Christian?

"Let us think of the immense good that Christianity

has done in many places to the poor, neglected lower classes of Hindus. Those whom the Brahman despises, Christianity elevates and ennobles. Is this not praiseworthy? I am not a Christian by faith; I am a Hindu Brahman, and believe in my own way in the religion of the Vedas. But for all that I cannot make up my mind to kick the ladder by which we ascended. The honour of introduction into Indian Society, what Dr. Hunter has called the 'New Leaven' wholly belongs to Christian missionaries; and it is the fermentation set up by this new leaven which has to develop this new India of the future. Let us therefore be grateful to the missionaries and respect them. Are there not defects in popular Hinduism that require correction? Is not the religion of Christ worth sympathetic study? While advocating loudly the cause of political and social liberty, can we consistently with ourselves condemn liberty of conscience? Hindu Colleges where Hinduism is intelligently taught are indeed very much wanted, but Christian Colleges with their Bible teaching can never be superfluous. That the authorities of the College may soon forget and forgive the thoughtless zeal and ignorant mutiny of the unfortunate students is the anxious hope of An Old Boy." I don't think the Professors could wish for a much more complete defence of their general mode of education than this. I read it to the Munsiff at the end of our long discussion and although he was a strong supporter of the students he was obliged to admit that the main contentions of the letter were sound.

Thursday May 31st, 1888.—There are a few other things this month that I should like to record but for some reason or other the letter has printed very badly, and I think I have written more than my correspondents will have patience to read. I shall hope to remedy the defects in the printing next month by a new pen or fresh ink.

LETTER IX.

TIRUVALUR, TANJORE DISTRICT,
SOUTH INDIA,
June 1st, 1888.

I AM afraid that my last letter was very indistinct, and the stupid boy who printed off the copies reversed one page, so that it could only be read in a looking glass, an amount of trouble which I could scarcely expect my correspondents to take. However, this time I am using a new pen, and hope the results will be very different. To-day I have paid my first visit to Kodeivasal, the third of the stations under my superintendence. I made two or three efforts to get there previously, but was always prevented. Kodeivasal is a town of about five thousand inhabitants, and is about ten miles from Tiruvalur. We have a catechist stationed here, who is supposed to preach every day to the heathen, but, as in so many other of the stations, our work is more educational and evangelistic. We have a large middle school in Kodeivasal, and three smaller schools in the villages round. The Indian educational system is most complete. Primary schools educate up to the different "standards" corresponding to the standards from board schools in England. The middle schools educate up to the "middle school examination," which corresponds to our Oxford and Cambridge "locals." The high schools educate up to matriculation. The second grade colleges educate up to first arts, which correspond to intermediate arts in London, and "little go" in Dublin. The first grade colleges

educate for the different degrees. On arriving I first inspected the school and then baptized an infant, whose name gave me considerable trouble, and compelled several rehearsals before I got a twang sufficiently nasal to satisfy the parents. It was something like this, "Nygnammal." After the baptism I administered the Communion, and then proceeded to investigate a series of charges brought by the Kodeivasal catechist against my Tiruvalur catechist, who had been superintending the schools and paying all salaries during my absence. As it is a fairly typical example of the continual jealousies which we have to deal with out here, I may as well give details. Vedamani, the Kodeivasal catechist, is a young fellow of twenty-five, one year in our work, full of pride of his caste, and a very conceited fellow every way. Satthianathan, my old Tiruvalur catechist, is about twice his age, and has been in the mission twenty-five years. Vedamani handed me his charges, covering about three sheets of foolscap, on my arrival. I just glanced through them, and, after the services, took him and Satt. down to his house and read all the charges out to both of them, and asked for Satt.'s replies to them all. Most of the charges were very trivial, the only serious one being that Satt. was in the habit of drinking spirits, but as Vedamani was not prepared to say that Satt. had ever been the worse for drink, I declined to take any notice of the charge. The petition concluded thus: "While he is a man of such stamp, which Hindu will take his words? Would such a man could try to baptize any non-Christian? He who preaches to others does so, how would others listen to his words? Is he a follower of Christ? Is he to be numbered amongst the Christians? By these your reverence will come to know what sort of a man he is and how he does with schools. I therefore humbly request your reverence will be gracious enough to have the school

charges under me as I am tranferred in his place, and to have my pay not through Mr. Satthianathan, but either in person or by any other way as aforesaid." Needless to say I did not grant the petition, but told him that if he could collect slander and write such a malicious letter as this out of mere pride and envy, it was he whose Christianity was in question and not Satt.

Saturday, June 9th.—I have sent off to-day a long letter to Mr. Jenkins, which cannot but seriously affect my future. I have laid before the committee the necessities of my work, and tried to show them the absurdity of keeping me here in Tiruvalur, where there is a good dispensary, with a first-rate cottage hospital at Kodeivasal, and another dispensary at Nannilam, and I have asked for a grant of *not less* than £1,000 to establish a medical mission, setting plainly before them the alternatives of either making me some such grant, or acknowledging their inability to do so, and recalling me at once.

Tuesday, June 12th, 1888.—Mr. Little came this morning on an episcopal round, and spent the day here, visiting the schools, and going carefully into the circuit finances. We have had rather an unpleasant incident at Nannilam. We had a very good "middle school" there which was doing exceedingly well and promised to pay its way until this Christian College commotion occurred. This frightened the Brahmans, and they induced a prominent barrister from Tanjore, named Saminatha Iyer, to come over and hold a "Nationalist" meeting, and give an account of the National Congress, and urge the people to found a national school instead of being dependent on the Christian missionaries for their education. The result of this meeting has been the establishment of such a school, and the emptying of our school a month before the Government inspection, so that we lose the Government grant of two

hundred rupees, and nobody benefits by our loss. This is rather trying to such an ardent supporter of the Congress as I am, but one can scarcely regret the growth of a spirit of independence on the part of the natives, even though it costs one two hundred rupees. We have decided to carry on our school for the future as a primary school for the benefit of the lower castes and Pariahs. Mr. Little has a very strong opinion that we are doing too much for the Brahmans and high castes, and that it would be well to let them pay for their own education more completely and manage their schools themselves, and devote our energies to educating the degraded masses. I think he is quite right!

In my last letter I mentioned a question of Bradfield's as to the difference between our methods and St. Paul's but I did not reply to it at length. This last week all he said has been brought back to my memory pretty vividly by the misconduct of the servants. The Roman Catholics have carried out the methods which Bradfield suggests to a very considerable extent. They have baptized vast multitudes without waiting for them to give any proofs that they realized the meaning of Christian ethics and teaching. The result of this has been the formation of what he calls a Christian caste, and Simpson thinks that they have gained considerably by their method. I don't know enough to say anything definitely, but this last week's experience has been rather on the other side. A week ago I accidently discovered some misconduct on the part of some of our Roman Catholic servants, in which the butler endeavoured to incriminate the ayah (nurse) and my compounder, a young fellow of about twenty, from the American Congregationalist Mission. The next day the ayah, in revenge, went off to the butler's "go down" and brought from it a sheet of Mrs. Geden's which had

been stolen recently, and sundry other little trifles of hers, which it seems that Francis had taken. It is a peculiarity with the Indian servants that though they will not steal their master's property, (as a rule !! see later,) they will steal anything they can from their master's guest or host. This was altogether a very ugly revelation, and Satthianathan the catechist had to be called in once or twice to interpret and help me to investigate the various cases. This fact combined with the fact that he was not very merciful towards the offenders brought down their anger upon him, and to-day Mr. Little received an anonymous letter charging Satt. with smoking fifty cigars a day, conducting services in a state of drunkenness, robbing me of a couple of hundred rupees over the building accounts of my dispensary and the new room on the roof, and generally imposing upon the "too noble and generous doctor." In spite of this delightful piece of flattery I decided to find out if possible who the anonymous scribbler was, and I went round all the schools with Mr. Little, looking at the handwriting of the school masters, but found no resemblance. After Mr. Little had gone I thought I detected some resemblance in the apothecary's writing in the dispensary register, so I took the anonymous letter across to the dispensary, and told the compounder to take a sheet of paper and a pen and write at my dictation. I then dictated all sentences with striking capitals, and all containing wrongly spelt words, with the result of getting the following words spelt the same in both the letter and dictated copy: "Subbordinates," "reverance," "hospittal,' "affraid," "againts." This combined with great similarity in the writing was sufficient, and I dismissed that youth on the spot. I have related these incidents not because of them possessing any very special interest, but because they show the difficulties and dangers that attend too

rapid additions to the membership of the Christian church. One realizes here the truths of evolution as applied to the development of national character. Even with the rapid spread of Christianity it will be generations before India, as a whole, will have attained to even the comparatively low standard of morality which exists in England to day. There is much in the church life of our little societies out here that bring a new meaning into many chapters of the Apostle Paul's epistles and throws light on the difficulties with which he had to contend. Such incidents as these, it seems to me, ought not to be unexpected by the missionary, and ought not to discourage him. If men just rescued from heathenism were able to shew forth in their lives all the graces of the developed Christian character, our presence in the country would scarcely be needed now. If men who had lived until adult life in heathen homes found morality no harder to practise than those who had spent all their lives surrounded by Christian influences, missions to India would be a great blunder.

Saturday, June 16th. Arnold has had a very nasty attack of fever all this week, accompanied by two immense boils, and as I am preaching at Negapatam to-morrow, we have brought him in here to-day, and Ethel will stay here with him for a few days.

Saturday, June 23rd. Arnold is much better and the fever has left him.

This week our experience of Indian servants has reached a lamentable climax. On Tuesday Ethel, Simpson and I came over from Negapatam to give the prizes to our girls' schools, and found that someone had been trying the quality of our plate, and finding that it was not real silver had left it. We were very busy with the prizes all day, and Ethel returned to Negapatam at night leaving

Simpson and me here. I should say that our butler, contrary to our instructions to give the keys to the cook on Saturday morning, and follow us by the next train, had come to Negapatam by a later train and had left the gardener in charge. Consequently suspicion fell on the gardener, and as I had had trouble with him previously I dismissed him. The next morning Simpson and I were setting out early to visit the Nannilam schools, and administer the communion there, when the butler brought me Ethel's cash box, which had been cut open with a sardine knife, and a few rupees, a valuable gold bracelet, and some other things taken. I then found that the safe had been forced, one hundred rupees and this cash box taken out. The other jewellery had been left as the object of the thief or thieves had been evidently to get rupees, and not to carry off jewellery which could be identified. The police at once arrested the gardener, but could make nothing of him. I then got a letter from Ethel to say that the ayah had told her that Francis had been drunk on Saturday and on Monday nights, and had had plenty of money. This looked suspicious, so Simpson and I convened Francis and cross-examined him without any result. I then told him that from evidence before me I was convinced he was concerned in the robbery, and that unless he restored the property before 6 p.m., I would give him into custody on that charge, and on the charge of stealing Mr. Geden's sheet and dusters. At six o'clock I sent for the police, and Francis, instead of bringing the property, brought his wife, four little children, and some other woman. The children were flung screaming on the ground before me, and Francis and the woman fell prostrate on the ground and tried to kiss my boots whenever I stood still. I never disliked a scene more, and would have given a great deal to be out of it but I meant

to go through with it, and accordingly sent him to prison. Of what follows I have two accounts, one is that the police thrashed his secret out of him. This is frquently done in the country, but is of course both illegal and utterly immoral. The other story is that they made him drunk. At all events on Friday I was at Trichinopoly for a district meeting and received a telegram that rupees and jewels were found. Early on Friday morning Francis took the police to the place where he had buried them, and all were recovered excepting about twelve rupees. This is my third butler, the first stole twenty-five rupees out of my pocket, I believe, but I never proved the case. The second continually got helplessly drunk, and now this man whom I have treated with particular kindness proves to be the worst rogue of all. It is trying.

Independently of this, it has been rather an eventful week. On Tuesday, Simpson came here for his long expected visit, and helped us with the annual prize-giving to our girls' schools. After the prize-giving Ethel returned to Negapatam, and left Simpson and me in charge here. In the evening we had a most interesting visit from the Munsiff and the first and second masters of the high school and arranged with them for Simpson to give a magic lantern entertainment the next evening followed by a lecture on Burmah. Simpson had been giving a magic lantern entertainment at Negapatam and consequently had his instruments with him. We gave them their choice of the lecture *or* the magic lantern, and they chose *both*. Simpson began the Wednesday evening entertainment appropriately with a kaleidoscopic slide which was a good emblem of the whole proceedings. We had a very large audience, and Simpson's comments on his Scripture History slides, and his account of his experiences as army chaplain in the attack on Mandalay were both listened to

with great interest. Such a double event was no small item in the Tiruvalur calendar.

Simpson left on Thursday morning, and in the evening I went to Trichinopoly for a special district meeting, summoned by Mr. Little to consider the present grave financial crisis at home and to reply to a letter from the committee. There was a general wish on the part of the men to subscribe fifteen or twenty pounds each, but it was felt that if we offered any subscription it would appear like an approval of the policy or no policy which has marked the administration of our society during recent years, a result which every man wished to avoid; and also it was thought that another result of our promising any given sum would be a reduction in the already inadequate grant to our district of that sum. Under these circumstances a resolution was drawn up expressing sympathy with the committee in the present difficulties, and stating that at the next district meeting after the grant had been received, the men would subscribe considerably towards the adequate carrying on of the work of the district. All these financial difficulties look very badly for my work, and render it by no means improbable that the committee will accept the alternative of recalling me rather than expend the sum necessary to properly carry on my work.

Monday, June 25th, 1888.—Franois's case came on for hearing to-day, and as Ethel had a great objection to appearing in Court, and our catechist said "For Mistress and Goshas" (women kept in Zenanas) magistrate will come to house," we sent to the magistrate asking him if he would come here to take her evidence. He willingly complied, and at three p.m., our drawing-room was transformed into a Court. The poor fellow looked wretched and when asked to cross examine Ethel, had nothing to say for himself,

Saturday, June 30, 1888.—Francis has to-day been committed for trial by the collector as this native magistrate had only power to sentence up to six months. The week just closed has been a very quiet one. Ethel has begun her sewing classes again three times a week, and the children seem to enjoy them greatly. We are both working away at our Tamil in which Ethel leaves me lagging far behind. The month has finished with Arnold in much better health, all right excepting for a few small boils. Ethel keeps in splendid health. I hope I have also gained a little ground during the month; but have had a most trying attack of eczema for the last three weeks, and it threatens to be as tedious as eczema generally is. The heat during the month has been fairly high. Though nothing with what it was before we came down here. The thermometer on the first fifteen days of the month averaged about 95 deg. for about four hours of the day, and during the last fifteen days has averaged about 92 deg. for the same hours. It will now steadily decline as the rains have fallen on the hills, the rivers are filling, and the country is being put under water for the wet cultivation of rice.

LETTER X.

TIRUVALUR, TANJORE DISTRICT,
S. INDIA.
July 1st, 1888.

LIFE in the Mofussil, as the country districts are styled, is very much freer from incident than life in Madras, and now that we seem to be fairly settled in Tiruvalur, I shall have no University convocations, missionary conferences, or visits to the Christian College to record, and shall have to describe "the daily round and the trivial tasks" of the regular missionary life if I am to continue sending a monthly budget of the last few letters.

I have not yet described at length a Sunday service here, so I will give an account of this morning's. Our largest school now does duty for a church. It is really a native house with all the partitions between the rooms removed. Native houses are generally built in a square, round a small open quadrangle. In this case the open quadrangle is about nine feet square, and the whole room 30 feet square. The light and air come freely through this nine feet opening, and the roof runs up from four pillars. The building is utterly devoid of furniture excepting two chairs, one for Ethel and one for myself, and two or three forms for the men and a small table and stool for the preacher. The congregation to-day numbered thirteen men and seven women, all Christians (in name at least). Ethel and I sit facing the whole congregation, the catechist has his table in front of us, and the men sit on forms in front of him, the women sit on the floor to

our left. During the whole service a number of children run in and out and generally enjoy the sunshine in the quadrangle, until they make too much noise and have to be ejected. About a dozen or a score of heathen listen until they are tired at the window or doors and then move away to make room for someone else. Up to to-day each person on entering the building salaamed most respectfully to Ethel and I, and frequently forgot their prayers. I have ordered this practice to be discontinued. The service commences with a Tamil lyric, after which the catechist reads a somewhat abbreviated Morning Service (in Tamil of course) and preaches about twenty minutes, concluding the whole service in an hour. The afternoon service differs only from the morning service in that the Liturgy is not used.

Tuesday, July 3rd. Ethel and I had a most amusing conversation with our Munshi (Tamil teacher) this morning, which is very illustrative of several of the native customs. Ethel asked him how it was that the native Christians so continually get inextricably in debt and if he did not think it very wrong for them to do so. He replied that it generally arose from the heavy expenses of marriage, as even a poor man earning only one rupee a week would borrow fifty rupees and spend it over his daughter's wedding. He said "Take my case, I have had many daughters, very botheration ! ! I have married three of my daughters, and every wedding has cost me 100 rupees." His present salary is twelve rupees a month. I remonstrated with him on this extravagance, and he said, "No extravagance ! very sparing ! only necessaries ! My last married daughter comes often poking, poking, what you call 'teasing,' saying 'No dowry given me,' very botheration ! I have had to marry three wives. That great botheration ! Every time cost me one hundred rupees

because poor woman." I asked why he did not remain a widower. He said, "If so, very expensive, must keep servant, cost four rupees. Have no one to take care of me and the little children." Ethel then asked him which he liked best of the three. He replied "Well, I don't hate any of them, Like last one pretty well because she takes great care of me. Gets up early, makes my breakfast. Goes long way to river to bring water because this water does not agree with me. This wife cost another hundred rupees extra, because sister of second wife, and Roman Catholic. (He is a Lutheran). Roman Catholics think this sin to marry sister of wife, so I had to pay one hundred rupees for remission of sin. Three classes, first class pay 300 rupees, second class 250, third class 100. I taught priest Tamil for nothing for three months hoping to gain his favour. This way got third class, and banns free, would have been seven rupees each time." We tried hard to convince him that he ought to spend less over the marriage of his next daughter, but in vain. Baptism, marriage, and funeral festivals are a great burden and a curse to our native Christians, and similar festivals among the heathen population do more to impoverish the poorer classes than all other causes combined.

The feeling seems to be growing amongst my correspondent's that it is very doubtful whether we ought to stay longer in Tiruvalur. The indications for our stay here certainly do not increase. The following is a letter I have just received in reply to one from me asking for a statement of the writer's opinion which I could quote in the important letter which I sent to the committee a month since, asking for a grant of £1,000 to "advance on Kumbakonam." The letter arrived too late for that purpose, but I have sent a copy of it to Mr. Jenkins, and it will have a serious effect, I have no doubt upon the deci-

sion of the Committee. Dr. Heckhuis is the Surgeon in charge of the large and famous Medical Mission Hospital at Ranipet, Arcot, founded by the Scudder family. My correspondents will remember that Ethel and I visited his hospital in November on our way from Madras to Tiruvalur, and it was then for the first time that we heard anything definite against a wide-spread establishment of medical missions. Dr. Heckhuis now writes :—

"RANIPET,

"*June 27th*, 1888.

"MY DEAR DR. LUNN,—Your letter came to hand in due time, but I regret to say that a delay in answering it was caused by my having been away from my station. I gladly comply with your request, though I can scarcely do more than give my opinion. Going into particulars would take too much time. I am convinced of the fact as I told you in December, 1887, that in many districts in India the necessity for medical missions has passed away. Medical missions used to do a good work, and still do so in parts where they are firmly established, and where Government leaves the work to them, but I believe that the time for establishing new missions has gone by in places fully or even partly occupied by Government dispensaries. In my opinion it is a waste of time, energy, and money to try to establish a medical mission where Government dispensaries are occupying the ground. Formerly the case was different. Take for instance the Ranipet Hospital of which I have charge at present. At the time it was opened there was no other hospital where the natives could get European treatment for a hundred miles' radius excepting in the direction of Madras, so that the opening of a dispensary was absolutely necessary, and a great boon, whilst at the same time it served to gain the confidence and sym-

pathy of the people towards the mission. But now all this has changed. Dispensaries have sprung up everywhere, even within two miles of this hospital, and thus interfere very much with the attendance and usefulness of the work. I feel sure that under the present circumstances we would not think of opening a new dispensary here or in any other part of our mission, and I sometimes feel that it might be better to give up the medical work and devote myself entirely to evangelistic work. No doubt there are places where Government has not yet occupied the ground, and in such places dispensaries might be opened with benefit to the people and to the mission, but when the Government has either fully or partly occupied the ground I I would leave it in their hands. My kind regards to Mrs. Lunn and yourself,

"Yours truly,

"L. HECKHUIS."

In connection with this letter it will be interesting to give a list of the Government hospitals and dispensaries within twenty miles of Tiruvalur, from which list it will be seen that there are very many districts in England not so well provided with gratuitous medical attendance as this part of the Tanjore district. Since I wrote to the committee I have found out the existence of two more hospitals than I was then aware of.

1. Tiruvalur Dispensary, well-fitted and well-managed in every way.

2. Nannilam Dispensary, nine miles distant.

3. Kodeivasal Hospital, 15 miles by rail and seven by road. A really beautiful little hospital, with separate buildings for men and women, and for infectious diseases

4. Tritrapundi Hospital, 14 miles by road, a large hospital; but I have not seen it.

5. Mannargudi Hospital, 17 miles by road. A very important hospital, formerly managed by an English surgeon, but now by a native.

6. Negapatam Hospital, 15 miles away. A very well-managed place, under the charge of a surgeon.

It can scarcely be said that the ground is unoccupied in this particular neighbourhood.

Since I wrote the foregoing I have had lent to me "The Annual Report of the Civil Hospitals and Dispensaries in the Madras Presidency." From this I find that in the Tanjore district there are 37 hospitals and dispensaries. The district is one-third larger than Lincolnshire in area, and contains 2,130,383 population. This gives one hospital to a little less than 60,000 people. In the United Kingdom—population over 36 millions—there are said to be 496 hospitals, or one hospital to rather more than 70,000 persons. But this does not complete the case against the choice of the Tanjore district for my work. In the whole of the Madras Presidency the average is one hospital to 100,000 of the population; and in Trichinopoly District, which adjoins Tanjore, one hospital to every 200,000 persons. The report shows plainly that I have been sent to the most unsuitable district, with scarce an exception, in all India, and that many better districts might have been found in this Presidency. It is time things were changed in the management of our society.

Monday, July 9th, 1888.—We returned from Negapatam to-day after a very enjoyable visit. On Saturday evening we had a large meeting of the Sanmargha Sabha (the annual meeting of the society), and I gave them a lecture on "The Necessity of Morality for National Progress." The Sabha seems to be extending not rapidly but surely. They have asked me to give the same lecture at Mannargudi, Kumbakonam, and Tiruvalur, and the secretary will accompany me,

and explain the objects of the society, and endeavour to establish branches.

This morning I went with Findlay to an out-door service conducted in Tamil by the native minister and the catechist on the sea-shore. It was a good type of the kind of meetings our native workers conduct. The meeting was held on the sea-shore, and there were about a hundred present of "all sorts and conditions of men." One or two Tamil hymns were sung, and then these two men gave short addresses. The Tamils have a wonderful natural gift for speaking, and can nearly all of them talk with considerable fluency. After the services a Mohammedan who had been listening most attentively started a discussion with the catechist by asking why the catechist's prayers would not avail for him. The catechist replied, "If you are hungry, you don't ask someone else to eat for you, and why should you expect this natural rule to be reversed when you want spiritual support?" The man raised two or three other points, none of which were captious, and seemed a really earnest inquirer. Findlay says that the lower classes here take an interest in abstruse religious problems which our artisans would never listen to. The other morning a poor and apparently quite illiterate man asked the catechist after one of these services the question, "My soul is a part of the universal soul, and the universal soul cannot do wrong, therefore, how can I do wrong?" If only such services as these could be held constantly in the villages and towns where we have missions, Findlay says he is convinced that we could make great headway; but our present administration attempts to cover far more ground than is possible, and leaves every place undermanned, instead of concentrating our efforts on certain definite districts, with the result that we scarcely touch the vast population by which we are surrounded.

Friday, July 13th, 1888.—The Munsiff called this afternoon on a very extraordinary errand. He and some of his fellow Brahmans have been lately discussing the utter lack of moral training in Hindu schools. The best natives are all feeling keenly that something must be done to prevent their sons, who are throwing overboard their old faiths, under the influence of Western thought, from growing up without any fixed principles, without any morality of any kind. The greatest Hindu Reformer of this Presidency Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao, Premier to Holkar, the Maharajah of Indore, has recently issued a tract for religious teaching in Hindu schools, which he styles Aryan and Vedantist, but which contains, word for word, a number of extracts from the shorter Catechism of the Presbyterian Church. He has defended this recently in a letter to the *Madras Mail*, in which he says, "To show how much Christianity has borrowed from Aryanism, I have written this Catechism, copying wholesale in it from the shorter Catechism of the Presbyterians such portions thereof as promulgated truths which were known to Aryanism long before the advent of Christianity. This accounts for the adoption of many phrases in this tract which Christians would at once recognise to be familiar to them. Whether borrowed or not, truth is truth, and the religion which contains it must necessarily be good either at first hand, if the truth is original, or at the second hand if borrowed."

The Munsiff is desirous of doing something on similar lines, but rather more general in character. He said: "We intend to draw up a reading-book for our schools suitable for boys from ten to fifteen years of age. We shall divide it into five parts. The first part will teach Natural History. The second will give instruction on Hygiene. In the third we shall have an outline of Indian Theology, which will only contain such matter as the

different sects are agreed upon. In the fourth part we shall give some moral story from one of our classical books, and the fifth part we shall devote to the teaching of morality." He then asked me if I would let him have copies of all our readers, as he wished to make extracts from them, or at least to model his reader more or less on the lines of ours. With reference to the last section—that on morality—he said: "We shall begin it with perhaps your ten commandments (!!) or something of that sort. In the second section we intend to have three chapters—(1) on the preservation of health; (2) on the prevention of disease, with some hints on simple home treatment; and (3) the management of the home, such matters as drainage, ventilation, and the like." He asked me to write chapters I. and II., which I have undertaken to do, but declined to write on No. 3, as I don't know enough about native dwellings as yet. It may seem strange to some of my friends that I should help in any way in such an undertaking as this; but I am convinced, as far as my experience is sufficient to allow of any convictions, that as missionaries we have more to hope, or at least as much, from internal efforts at reform caused by the stimulating influence of the presence of Christian institutions in India, as from the work we can do from without. I believe this, not because I think that the sacred writings of the Hindus contain sufficient power to raise the Hindu people from their present moral and intellectual degradation, but because I believe these reformers from amongst themselves will inevitably be led in their efforts after reform to realize the insufficiency of their own faith, and to seek in Christianity for the strength necessary for their work. And such men will have a power with Asiatics which we Westerns can never hope to obtain.

Mannargudi, Sunday, July 22.—We came to this delightful bungalow on Tuesday last, as Gostick was kind enough to suggest that perhaps a few days here might do both Arnold and me a great deal of good. On Tuesday evening we had a lively discussion on the never-failing subject out here—the maladministration at home. At last Gostick suggested the starting of a monthly paper to be devoted entirely to the discussion of missionary policy, to be called *The Missionary Torch* (not Firebrand), the first number to be entitled, "For illumination not conflagration," copies to be posted to every member of Committee, and to all the returned missionaries in England. The other two missionaries at the station, Hobday and Thomas, both approved of the suggestion, and together with Gostick and your present correspondent (who, needless to say, was not averse to such a plan) agreed to contribute twenty rupees each towards the cost. I should say that we get printing done very cheaply out here, as good printers (compositors) only receive 6d. a day. The thing now to be done was to secure Findlay's adhesion, so Gostick and I were deputed to go over to Negapatam and see him, although Mrs. Findlay, who was staying here, suggested that he might "water" the idea, an allusion to a good man of whom she tells who thus prayed in a prayer-meeting, "Lord, we have a spark of grace; Lord, water it." Findlay did not exactly pour cold water upon the scheme, but suggested what we all felt would be better, viz.: that instead of kindling the "Torch" we should offer these subscriptions towards the cost of a special supplement to the *Harvest Field*, to be devoted solely to these objects, and to be circulated as above. The *Harvest Field* is a capital missionary magazine published by our society at Bangalore, and its prestige will help to give influence to any such discussion.

I gave a "lecture" (Anglice "address") to educated Hindus this evening on Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Canto XCVI., the one which begins,—

"You say, but with no touch of scorn,
. . . . . .
You tell me doubt is devil-born."

These young English-speaking natives are very ready to come to any English address; but I am afraid that though many or all of them are "doubters" of everything their fathers believed, a very small percentage of them are doubters of the type of Arthur Hallam.

Friday.—Last night we held a meeting here to establish a branch of the Sanmargha Sabha. The meeting was presided over by the deputy-collector, a Mohammedan, and was held in the large hall of the high school. There were about three or four hundred present. After the chairman's speech, I gave my lecture on "The Necessity of Morality to National Progress." The secretary of the society, a most intelligent young Brahman, then gave an account of the constitution and working of the Sabha, and invited any who were willing to join in forming a branch to come forward at the close and sign their names. Several came forward including one Mohammedan, and three Brahmans. It seems to me that this Presidency is just ripe for the development of such movements as this, if *Hindu* leaders can be found for them.

The last number of the *Methodist Times* has caused a great sensation out here. I hear of one ordinarily sober and decidedly senior brother in Madras who was so delighted with the leader on "The Breakdown of our Missionary Society," that he declared it to be "as much inspired as any book of Holy Writ." I have heard several of the men say: "Now that the *Methodist Times* has

taken up the Missionary Society question, there is some chance of a reform." The men in the field have been getting more and more exasperated at the bungling at home; but now everyone feels that if Clapham is elected secretary, with the support of the *M.T.* he will be able to revolutionize the situation. . . . . .

Sunday. July 29, 1888.—A telegram has just arrived from England which will be the sorest disappointment to every missionary in South India, that they have experienced for many a day. We all felt confident that Mr. Clapham would be appointed senior secretary. . . . . .

We had a very enjoyable service for educated Hindus to-night. Mrs. Gostick and Ethel sang Tamil and English hymns, and Gostick gave an address on "Jesus the Word of God."

Monday.—I had a letter this morning from Mr. Jenkins in reply to my ultimatum, which offers no hope of a grant, and it seems most probable that we shall be recalled. Ethel and Arnold are both very well; there is nothing fresh to say about my own health.

LETTER XI.

TIRUVALUR, TANJORE DISTRICT,
August 11th, 1888.

THE last ten days have been a time of great suspense, as I have been daily and almost hourly expecting a telegram announcing either a grant for my mission or my recall. Up to the time of writing no telegram has arrived.

On Friday last I went to Karur to see Mr. Little with regard to the probable action of Conference. He is very anxious that I should not go home, and is very angry with the Committee for the way they have dealt with my case. If I am not recalled immediately he wishes me to go to the hills for two months and thoroughly recruit my health. He has also decided that as Tiruvalur suits us so badly I should at once hand over the charge of the circuit to Gostick, and on my return from the hills settle down at Mannargudi, which is a very healthy place and render what assistance I can to Gostick until the committee have made up their minds whether they can establish me at Kumbakonam or not. We returned from Mannargudi on Tuesday, all of us greatly improved in health by our very enjoyable stay there.

Monday, August 15th. On Saturday evening we went into Negapatam, as I was preaching there on Sunday. This morning we found that the Salvationists were commencing an "attack on Negapatam," so we decided to stay for the opening meeting this evening. Findlay had decided that it would be the better and wiser policy

to treat them with all possible kindness, so long as they remained friendly, so he granted them the use of the large College Hall for the meeting, and consented to preside over the proceedings. Just before breakfast one of the officers called at the bungalow, and I had a long talk with him as to their present prospects. His name is Eva, and he is an ex-Wesleyan, the nephew of one of our West Indian Missionaries. He stated that their work at Tanjore which was begun last autumn has been absolutely fruitless, but that in Trichinopoly they have made about thirty converts from heathenism besides "re-converting" about forty nominal Christians. He appeared to know a little about one family under the last heading. The father was the manager at our boarding school at Trichinopoly up to June last, when he was discovered in a lot of doubtful practices and dismissed. He went to the Salvation Army meeting and professed conversion and has been sent by them to Tuticorin, two or three hundred miles south, on a pay of twenty rupees a month. I asked the meaning of this, as this was the salary he was receiving from us, and they profess to give no more than five rupees. Eva said that they gave him so much because of his large family, but that Commissioner Tucker was in England at the time and was very annoyed about it. I then enquired as to the present health of the European officers and found that out of the Jubilee Fifty who came out in August last, three have returned to England on account of their health, six are completely laid aside, ten are in decidedly ill-health, and only thirty are in active service. This is a serious return for twelve months' work. I asked about the forty who came out the previous autumn, and he said "Oh! they are very much better, only ten of them have had to retire from the work." Such facts as these are very perplexing to

the leaders of the movement, and are making them modify several of their rules as to the diet and living, and leading them to increase the allowances. In the evening we had two English officers—men, and two "lassies," one of whom was a Swiss convert, and could not speak either English or Tamil excepting memorized addresses. The meeting began with a solo in Tamil by a native boy of about fourteen and was then addressed through an interpreter by Captain Johnstone, the other European officer. The English lassie then sang a solo and followed with a rather stereotyped statement of her religious experience. After another hymn to my surprise they asked Findlay to call on me to speak as my share in the Madras demonstration at Christmas, and our entertaining of their comrades at Tiruvalur were known to the party, and they consequently looked upon me as an ally. I merely said a few words wishing them God-speed and paying a deserved tribute to their self-denial and devotion. As it seemed to be at once a testimony to their zeal and a vindication of the regular missionary I stated the statistics I have given above of the effect which the climate had had on their officers. But Findlay said after the meeting that he did not think they at all appreciated my remarks on this point. After I had spoken the Swiss girl sang a solo, and then gave her religious experience, first in broken Tamil and then in broken English. Captain Eva then spoke through an interpreter, and again I was much disappointed in the character and tone of the address. It was not an argument likely to have much weight with the educated Hindus about 300 of whom were present, to say as he did "I don't worship a little pot god that you can hold in your hand, but I worship the Almighty God who made the world in six days." It was a long remove from the Athenian sermon

on "The Unknown God." Altogether I was decidedly disappointed with this specimen of a cheap mission agency. If India is to be won over to Christianity by a cheaper agency as the *Methodist Recorder* said in a recent issue, I doubt very much whether it will be by men of this stamp. The Oxford Brotherhood in Calcutta of which Sir W. W. Hunter wrote in last month's 19th Century is the kind of thing that India needs—men of intelligence who unite the self-denial and devotion of the Salvationist with the training and culture of a University.

Thursday, August 21st.—This has been a day of worry, annoyance and disappointment. It is mail day and we were confidently hoping that there would be some definite information as to the action of the committee, or some reply to my telegram to the Mission House on July 23rd, but all we received were two letters from home giving just enough information to increase our state of suspense, if that were possible, and some advice as to what to do *on returning* to England, but no information as to why they expected us to return. On Saturday last I telegraphed to Camborne to Mr. Hughes for information, and the telegram came back this morning as he had left. At eleven o'clock I decided to telegraph home *via* Suez, and now find that that cable is interrupted. At five o'clock a telegram came from Mr. Little, and as it was worded as we arranged if I were recalled, and summoned me to a minor district meeting at Trichinopoly to-morrow, we at once began to pack in order to catch next Wednesday's steamer so as to get home before the cold weather.

Saturday.—More troubles. On arriving at Trichinopoly yesterday, I found that Mr. Little had forgotten all about the form his telegram was to take if I were recalled and that the letter merely stated that he was to send me home if my health demanded it, not a word being said on the

financial question. I at once wired to Ethel to stop further packing. The meeting decided with my fullest agreement that my health was so much improved by my stay at Mannargudi, that it would be absurd for me to go home on this ground only, and therefore instructed Mr. Little to wire, "Lunn better, writing." They further decided that Mr. Little should write strongly in support of my letter to Mr. Jenkins of June 9th, and should insist on the committee facing their responsibilities, and either granting me £1,000 to begin at Kumbakonam and £100 a year for five years for current expenses, or else recalling me on the plain ground of their inability to do so.

The meeting further considered that it would be well for us to go at once to the hills for two months in order to thoroughly re-establish my health, and on our return to go to Mannargudi until the committee either made the grant for Kumbakonam, or sent a recall. To-day I have sent a further letter to the Mission House supplementary to the one of June 9th, stating several of the facts contained in my last journal-letter, with reference to the supply of medical aid in the district. If I am sent to Kumbakonam I mean, if health be granted me, to make the mission a success, and I believe it can be done, but I wish the committee in *this* case to decide with their eyes open, and to have all the facts in their possession before they decide on so costly an undertaking.

Tuesday, August 21st.—On Sunday a telegram came at last from the Mission House to the following effect:—"Chairman authorised to take action," but this of course leaves things as they were. I am utterly weary of this suspense. Everything that happens seems to be most admirably calculated to keep us in such a position that it is impossible to see what is the right action to take. On Saturday Ethel had a slight touch of fever again but is

better now. That seems a point against staying here. On the other hand, on Wednesday night last I had the satisfaction of saving a man's life under these circumstances. On Tuesday night he was attacked with a very dangerous complication in which prompt treatment was everything. On Wednesday morning he went to the Government hospital and the dresser there attempted a slight operation but failed owing to the use of a wrong instrument. On Wednesday evening they carried him into my dispensary in a state of agony. The bungling in the other dispensary complicated my treatment, but by the use of other means I was able to treat him successfully, and on Saturday morning when I returned from Trichinopoly I had the great satisfaction of finding him completely recovered. This case has done us more good than all the work of the last six months. It is the first really serious case I have had and now we are going away from Tiruvalur. This is trying. We leave for the hills on Saturday, so I shall finish this letter to-day in order to get it off before we start and shall probably not send another letter for two months, as there will be very little to record I expect in our hill life. To-morrow Mr. and Mrs. Findlay are coming over here, and we are to have a meeting for the Sanmargha Sabha in the high school. The Munsiff is to take the chair, and the first and second master, both Brahman graduates, are very anxious to make the meeting a success. This will very probably be my last public meeting in Tiruvalur, and I shall leave the place with about as mingled feelings as it is possible for any one to have. Our telegraphic address will still be "Lunn Tiruvalur." Though we may probably still be on the hills when the replies to this journal arrive, our letters will be forwarded from here. Ethel and Arnold are both very well and I am immensely improved, and should have little to com-

plain of if it were not that the last of my troubles keeps me practically a prisoner in the easy chair. The heat still continues very great the day temperature being 92 deg., and the minimum night temperature 82 deg.

LETTER XII.

S.S. "CLAN MACINTOSH,"
November 29th, 1888.

THE LAST LETTER OF OUR INDIAN JOURNAL.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE last three months have been a time of such anxiety and weary waiting that I have had no energy to write either the journal or any but inevitable letters. After the despatch of my August journal we went back to Mannargudi to await the committee's decision. My health improved a little during September, and I did as much preaching as possible, and at the end of September accepted an invitation from the Union Club of Kumbakonam College to lecture to them on patriotism. The lecture took place on October 6th, and occasioned another attack of fever &c., similar to those I had from January to June. This put me back again to about where I was in July. A week later Arnold was taken dangerously ill with a bad dysenteric attack and other complications. As he continued seriously ill we decided to take him up to Madras, and consult the best medical men about both him and myself. Arnold has since improved rapidly and is now getting quite strong and vigorous. The two doctors whom I consulted, Dr. Porter the Senior Physician of the General Infirmary and Principal of the Medical College of the Madras

University, and Surgeon Major Branfoot, both said emphatically that my health would not justify me in entering upon an expensive medical mission, and the latter added that my complete breakdown was a by no means unlikely event. Just as I was getting these opinions the news arrived from home that the committee had at last decided to grant everything I had asked, viz; 10,000 rupees for a hospital, £100 a year for its expenses, and an extra grant to the district of the full amount of my salary and allowances. The same committee which voted this sum, amounting for the next five years to over £3,000, decided to recall Geden, and send out a layman in his place, thereby effecting a saving of £100 a year during the next five years; and they decided to take the extraordinary step of recalling a man who has only been out two years, and his wife who is one of the best missionaries in Madras, and has only been out one year, and to do all this on the ground of *economy*. Needless to say, the men in the Madras district agreed that in the present state of my health, if the committee would expend so great a sum on so doubtful an enterprise as I had shown this to be, it was my positive duty to insist on my recall on the ground of health.

It was an unpleasant position, but I decided to cut the Gordian knot, by writing home informing Mr. Walton that I should sail by the "Clan Macintosh," and asking him to telegraph permission. He did not telegraph sanction, but wired to Mr. Little to say that the medical grant was suspended and that he was writing. Having already waited five months, I decided to act on my own responsibility, and we are consequently now homeward bound.

There have been two or three events of considerable interest to me since last I wrote. My lecture at

Kumbakonam on October 6th, was the occasion of a rather startling episode. Gostick, who had accompanied me, and myself were the only Christians present. The hall was packed with about four hundred Hindus, mainly Brahmans, and the Sivite and Vishnavite forehead marks were manifest everywhere. The chair was taken by S.A. Saminadha Iyer, the Public Prosecutor of Tanjore, and the most prominent Brahman in South India. My lecture lasted about an hour and ten minutes, and was received very well considering some hard hits that I gave them on various points. After the lecture, two members of the club, both young Brahmans, gave ornate and carefully prepared speeches on the subject. The chairman then followed with an admirable speech in which he spoke of the necessity of the Brahmans putting aside caste prejudice, and doing their best to lift the masses of their fellow countrymen. Gostick had been greatly annoyed at the commencement of the meeting, by finding that a lot of Hindu Anti-Christian tracts had been distributed amongst the audience, but the chairman's speech completely won him over, and he got up and applauded the chairman's sentiments, and expressed the pleasure it had given him to hear such words from a Brahman. Up to this point all had gone well, but directly Gostick sat down, K. Sundaraman, M.A., the Professor of Political Economy and History in the college, got up to propose a vote of thanks, and used the opportunity for a brilliant dissection of my lecture. He began by saying :—"Dr. Lunn has told us, Mr. Chairman, that we have no word in Tamil for patriotism, and has implied that the very idea of patriotism came to us from the West. If we have no word in Tamil for patriotism we have in Sanscrit. Patriotism is no exotic plant. What of the glorious struggles for

freedom in Rajpootana. In that land every state had its Thermopylæ, every city its Leonidas." After traversing one or two other statements in my lecture he went on to say "Dr. Lunn has told us that he hopes India will become united on a Christian basis. I too would rejoice if that were to happen. But I look forward to the day when India shall be united in the Hindu faith, for I believe that Hinduism is founded on the eternal rock of truth." He then delivered a vigorous defence of Hinduism. When he had finished, Rungiah Shastri, M.A., Professor of Mathematics rose to second the vote of thanks. He said, "Gentlemen, there are three grounds on which I sympathize with Dr. Lunn. In the first place he is a doctor —I was three years a medical student. In the second place he is a teacher, and so am I. In the third place he believes in Jesus Christ, and I believe Jesus was a very good man." He was then going on to show the superiority of Hinduism over Christianity when I rose and said that as Gostick and I had still twenty-five miles to drive home, I hoped he would conclude his proposal of the vote of thanks. This he did, and the chairman having put it to the meeting, I rose and said: "I accept this vote of thanks from those who meant it sincerely, and now let me say that whatever Christianity does or fails to do, it certainly teaches men to hate what is mean and cowardly. I came to the meeting by your invitation, as your guest, to give a political lecture on a political subject. I carefully avoided any allusion to Christianity save one sentence from the lips of one who was never himself identified with Christianity. [An allusion to a quotation from Keshub Chunder Sen]. And how have you treated me? You begin the meeting by distributing tracts attacking in the vilest manner things that I hold dearer than life itself, and you end the meeting by continuing the attack upon all that

is most sacred to me, and I consider that an apology is due to me from this meeting."

(In transmitting the above I must add that I have very inadequately reproduced the bitterness of the two professor's speeches.)

I said, moreover, "When I came to this country I determined to treat equally as my brethren all men whether they were followers of Christ or of Krishna, of Buddha or Mohammed, and to that resolution I have rigidly adhered. I came here to-night at great personal inconvenience, and all the reward I get is to hear Him whom I worship as God, declared in sneering tones to be "a very good man." When I concluded, the chairman rose in the most absolute silence and said that after my statement that things had been attacked which I held dearer than life itself, there was no course open for the meeting but to apologize for what had taken place, and on behalf of the meeting he begged to tender me their full and complete apology. On the following Saturday, Narasimha Iyer came over from Tiruvalur commissioned to make any apologies that I required, and if necessary to promise me a written apology, which needless to say, I did not exact.

We stayed in Madras with Whitamore who came out with us on the "India," and I preached at one of his three chapels every Sunday. We had a fine experience of a genuine tropical cyclone on October 30th and 31st. It was, with one exception, the worst cyclone known for many years. Nine inches of rain fell on the 30th and four and a fifth on the 31st, and over three on December 1st. As the total annual rainfall in London is twenty inches, it will be difficult for you to imagine what sort of a downpour this was. The wind was terribly violent, overturning an entire train on the South Indian Railway at Chingleput, about thirty miles from Madras. At times

the velocity of the gusts was well over 100 miles an hour, and the average velocity for one complete hour was 45 miles. In Whitamore's compound six trees were blown down, and in a large missionary compound near St. Thomas's Mount over one hundred trees were torn up by the roots, and the whole compound devastated.

By far the most interesting event of this last visit to Madras was a long interview which I had with Rajah Sir T. Madava Rao, K.C.S.I., the ex-governor of Baroda, and ex-Dewan (Premier) of Travancore and Indore. Goudie had been several times to Sir Madava's house, and kindly offered to introduce me. He accordingly wrote to Sir Madava asking him if he would grant me an interview on the National movement, to be reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The old statesman received us most graciously, and talked in the most delightful manner for an hour and a half on every phase of the National Congresses. As I am writing it all in full I will only give one extract from the conversation. He was objecting very much to the democratic tendencies of recent Reform Bills, and said :—"I cannot understand how so cultured and intelligent a people as you English are, can have made the stupendous blunder of thinking that the uneducated multitude ought to have the final right of deciding grave questions of legislation and administration. If I am ill, which ought I to do, call in the very best doctor I know, or summon all the medical men in Madras, good and bad, wise and foolish, learned and quacks, and say to them, 'Gentlemen, I am sick, these are my symptoms, vote a prescription.' But that latter plan is the one you Englishmen adopt with regard to your ancient constitution."

When we left he accompanied us into the verandah, and pointing to a tree in front of the house he said, "You

see that tree with the white and red blossoms. The white blossoms are those of the tree itself, the red blossoms are those of a creeper. That has always seemed to me to be a beautiful illustration of the interdependence of the Oriental and Occidental races. Let the beauty of the Orient be supported by the strength of the Occident, and they remain a thing of beauty. Tear them asunder and the creeper trails on the ground and dies, and the beauty of the tree is gone."

We left Madras on November the 19th and have had a splendid voyage so far. This is a very fine vessel, and brought us from Madras to Colombo, over 700 miles, in two hours under two days. Since leaving Colombo, eight days ago, we have had splendid weather, and have been averaging 290 knots (330 miles) a day. Yesterday we passed the P. & O. "Khedive" which left Colombo five hours before us. We expect to reach Suez on Monday, Port Said on Tuesday, and if all goes well, shall reach London on December 18th. Our regrets at leaving India were decidedly outbalanced by our relief at having something settled at last. It has been a year of great anxiety and worry, but in spite of it all I am very glad I have had the opportunity of learning something of Indian life, and especially of the working of Indian missions. When I left home I believed thoroughly in foreign missions, but my belief in them to-day is infinitely stronger than it was twelve months ago. In spite of all the popular sneers at the proverbial "missionary with a wife, a pony carriage, a comfortable bungalow, and £300 a year," the sub-editor and I will always believe and know assuredly that there are, coming under that designation, many earnest, hard-working, self-denying men, who are doing much to bring in the Kingdom of God upon earth, and to lift degraded man nearer God and nearer Heaven. However,

we love the old country, and our past difficulties will soon be all forgotten as we greet old friends. With one who travelled much further than we have done, we conclude our journal by saying :—

"We travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor England did we know till then;
What love we bore to thee."

FINIS.

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